# Until The Day Breaks

By

Emily Spender

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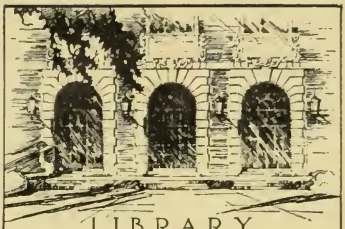

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UNTIL THE DAY BREAKS.

VOL. III.

# UNTIL THE DAY BREAKS

BY

EMILY SPENDER

AUTHOR OF

"RESTORED," "A TRUE MARRIAGE,"

&c., &c.

"One equal temper of heroic hearts
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."
TENNYSON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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# UNTIL THE DAY BREAKS.

## CHAPTER I.

### HARRIET AMUSES HERSELF.

The consequence of Mr. Northmore's lecture appeared the following day.

When Robert came home to dinner he found his wife lounging in an arm-chair before the parlour fire, in her hand a novel which she had bought at the railway book-stall at Tavistock. It was a pretty little story, with an excellent moral tone,

but the red and yellow paper cover was quite enough for Robert.

'You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Harriet,' he thundered, 'wasting your time in reading such abominable trash!'

Harriet was naturally a little irritated, but her husband did not consider that he was saying anything offensive; he was merely expressing himself in a masculine and emphatic manner.

'How you startled me, Robert! It's not trash at all; it's an awfully nice book.'

'Yes, I daresay you think so. But I'll tell you what it is: I am not going to have any of those sort of books in my house; so just you send it back where it came from, and never let me catch you reading anything like it again.'

'Really, Robert, you are just as bad as papa;' and Harriet began to feel that she had only exchanged one tyrant for another.

It commonly happens that, when girls marry merely to get away from the paternal roof, they have cause to remember the homely proverb, 'Out of the frying-pan into the fire,' and the ancient fable of 'King Log and King Stork.'

Robert was furious at being compared to a worldly-minded Church parson. With one stride towards his wife he snatched the novel out of her hand, and threw it into the fire. Harriet, with a cry of dismay, made a bound forward to rescue her cherished 'yellow-back,' but Robert was too quick for her; he seized both her

hands, and held them until the unlucky novel was consumed.

'You are behaving in the most ungentlemanly way!' exclaimed Harriet, ready to cry with rage and mortification.

'Did I ever set up to be a gentleman?' asked Robert, with a grim laugh.

His two masculine instincts of destruction and domination had been sufficiently gratified to put him in a good humour again. He threw his arm round Harriet's waist, and kissed her averted cheek.

'Come now, it's no use for you to look so sulky, my dear. I mean to have my own way about the books that come into my house, so you had better make up your mind to it at once.'

'What am I to do if I don't read?' asked Harriet, sullenly.

'It is not your reading I object to. I don't want you to do the housework; that's my mother's business, and what she's been used to all her life. You are a lady, and I can afford to keep you like one, and I like to see you sitting by the fire with a book in your hand, like a pretty chimney ornament; but I'll not have you poison your mind with novels. There's plenty of good books for you to read upon those shelves up there which belonged to my father, who was a good, sensible, pious man, if ever there was one.'

Harriet had long ago looked through the library of the late Mr. Wendron, and had found it to consist chiefly of sermons, memoirs of departed ministers, and volumes of the 'Methodist Magazine.' The

only works of fiction on the book-shelves were stories for children, published by the Religious Tract Society, and presented to Robert in his early youth.

After dinner, when her husband had gone back to the farm, Harriet, in a sort of desperation, put on her hat and cloak, and went into the village. If she met her father or mother, it might be unpleasant, but at least it would be a diversion from the unbearable monotony of her life. But after plodding along the muddy road, and seeing nothing but ducks, geese, and a few cottagers, she was considering whether she should have courage enough to walk past St. Stephen's Vicarage, when she saw coming towards her a slight, girlish, very familiar figure.

'Lina!' cried Harriet, quickening her

languid steps. 'How awfully glad I am to see you! I suppose you will speak to me,' she added, a little doubtfully.

'Of course I shall,' replied Lina, smiling at her eagerness; never before had Harriet shown such joy at meeting any of her relations. 'This is a lucky meeting; but I think we had better turn into that lane, and not do our talking in the high-road. Father is prowling somewhere about the village.'

'I am perfectly *ravenous* for news of you all,' said Harriet, when the two sisters were safe in a miry lane, which led to fields and nowhere else. 'How is Clive?' and she began with an inquiry after that member of the family who had always been the most interesting to her.

'Decidedly better, I hope. He has had

something a little more pleasant than usual to think about, poor boy. Mr. Tremayne has been remarkably kind to him this winter, he seems to have taken a great liking to him. The authorities grumble a little at his so often dining at Morwell Vicarage, but they don't really object—something may come of it, mother says, who knows but that Mr. Tremayne will make him his heir? Unfortunately for this idea, Mr. Tremayne is as likely as not to outlive Clive. By-the-by, Harriet—have you heard about Cecilia?'

'No, what is it? Is she going to be married,' cried Harriet, breathlessly.

'Oh, dear no, she has not followed your example—or rather, if she has eloped with anybody it is with her own mother. It is a perfect mystery;' and then Lina told

Harriet all that was known about Cecilia's disappearance from Morwell Vicarage. 'I happen to be aware of one thing, which people generally are not, and that is where she is—Mr. Tremayne told Clive. She is at Marine Terrace, Penzance. I know the terrace well. Don't you remember my spending the Easter holidays there years ago, with my school-fellows, the Polmears?'

'I wish Cecilia would ask me to stay with her,' sighed Harriet.

'And now I want to know all about yourself,' said Lina, when she had told her sister all the small events of the household at St. Stephen's Vicarage. 'It seems strange that I should be absolutely ignorant of your husband and your home.'

Harriet tried to make the best of what she was beginning to feel was a bad bargain.

'It is really a very nice house, though it is only a farm-house. It is so much more warm and comfortable in the winter than the vicarage. And we have only too many things on the table at meal times. And you can't think what a comfort it is not to have to scrape, and screw, and think of every penny. I have some awfully pretty new gowns, and what do you think of my new winter cloak?' And Harriet looked complacently down upon her brown plush mantle.

'Then I suppose, after all, you have risen in the world, Harriet?' said Lina, with a comical smile, when the cloak had been duly admired.

'Well—I don't know about that, but at all events I have more money to spend than I ever had before; we are not at all badly off, and Mrs. Wendron is a capital manager. She is an awfully good-natured old thing, I am sure you would like her.'

'And Mr. Wendron—you have said nothing about him.'

Harriet looked rather embarrassed.

'Well, he—he is awfully nice, when he *is* nice. Yes, really, Lina, Robert can be quite fascinating when he likes. I wish you could come home with me,' (Robert's wife seemed glad to change the subject,) 'and see my house and all my new things; there is not much pleasure in having them if there is no one to show them to.'

'It seems very unkind of me to refuse, but I think I must put off, what really

would be a great pleasure to me, until I am one-and-twenty, and am a little more my own mistress than I am at present. You know, Harriet, I have applied to the council of "The Girls' High-school Company" for a post as assistant mistress.'

Harriet sighed again.

'You will come and see me then, I hope. I shall be awfully glad to have some one to talk to. I can't make friends with any of the farmers' wives that Mrs. Wendron knows, I don't know what to say to them; and they are all awfully stiff to me, and stare at me so, as though I was an intruder; and they gossip away with Robert and his mother about all sorts of stupid things, and people I know nothing about; and I sit by the fire, and say nothing, and oh

dear, it is all so dull, and the days seem so long, I don't know what to do with myself.'

'But haven't you to look after the butter, and cream, and the poultry? I thought farmers' wives always did that sort of thing.'

'Yes, but Mrs. Wendron does all that, and does not like me to interfere, and Robert says that I can live like a lady. Oh, Lina, you can't think how awfully slow it is to be married! So long as one is single, one has the hope of something happening some day, there is always the chance of meeting some one nice; but when once you are married, you know it is all over, and everything has come to an end, and nothing more that is interesting will ever happen again as long as you live;'

and Harriet felt, as many young married women do, that she had lost her distant horizon.

'Well, but, my dear creature, I thought you used to find your life at home so unbearably slow?'

'I know I did; but still we did go to parties now and then, and people used to call sometimes, and we went to Plymouth two or three times a year, and there were always you and Clive to talk to. Now there is nobody, and nothing, and nowhere to go to. Well, I must go home again now, for it is nearly tea-time, and Robert cannot bear me to be away at meal-times.'

'Come,' said Lina, smiling, feeling she must try to cheer up her sister, 'he has some pleasure in your society, at all events.'

'I am sure you would not think so to look at him,' answered Harriet, dolefully. She did not do Robert justice; she did not understand him well enough to know that his undemonstrative affection as a husband was a far deeper feeling than his passion as a lover. 'Good-bye, Lina dear, remember what I say, and don't get married if you can help it.'

'I have not the smallest intention of doing so at present, and I never had a married friend yet who did not tell me that I was much better off as I am. Marriage always seems a greater gain for men than it does for women. Well, Harriet, you may be sure I shall come and see you in your own house as soon as I possibly can, and, meantime, do try to find something to do; you would be ever so

much happier. Why don't you read more?'

'Robert can't bear to see me reading—that is, reading novels;' and Harriet reddened as she remembered the cremation of her 'yellow-back.'

'Well, surely in all that splendid library at Tavistock you can find something better to read than novels. Life would seem quite different to you if you cared for real literature;' and Lina, with her youthful vigour of intellect, could not realise the shallowness of her sister's mind.

'But, Lina, I should never be able to go on reading all kinds of dry things—it's all very well for you who are going to be a governess, but I have no object in life to read for.'

'One can never tell what may happen,'

answered Lina, smiling and colouring a little. 'I would not be too sure, if I were you, Harriet, that all interests in life were over for you, and that you might not find some day that a little book-knowledge was as useful to you as to a High School mistress.'

The sisters took a very affectionate farewell of each other, with hopes on each side of meeting more frequently. Harriet was delighted to renew one of the pleasantest parts of her old life, her talks with her sister, and Lina felt a deep compassion for the luckless woman who seemed unable to make the best of either single or married life.

'But it is always the way,' thought Lina, 'the women who are unhappy as old maids, would be just as unhappy in

married life, only in a different sort of way.'

The following day, Harriet went to Tavistock. It was a bright winter afternoon. The Tavy flashed in the sun, as it rushed beneath the grey stone bridge, and the mouldering walls of the old abbey, and past the riverside walks shaded by great elm-trees. Tavistock, with its lofty church tower rising above cedar-trees, its remains of monastic buildings, and its noble modern library and Town-hall in harmony with them, has a stately, old-world air, as of a very aristocrat amongst country towns.

As Harriet crossed the bridge, she saw coming towards her the two Miss Burtons, old acquaintances of hers at Tavistock. Time was when Harriet dreamt that as a

married woman she should excite the envy of all her spinster friends, and she should look down upon them, with a good-natured compassion, from her lofty eminence. But the past four months had taught her many lessons.

She coloured vividly, and began to quicken her steps: she expected to receive another cut direct; but Clara and Fanny Burton, who were good-humoured, empty-headed girls, pounced upon her with effusion. Perhaps they felt like the old maids of 'Cranford:' 'Actually some one we know has got married! It is coming very near!'

'My dear Harriet, how awfully glad we are to see you!' (The two sisters always talked at once.) 'We were awfully amazed—you never sent us wedding cake, awfully

shabby of you. Who were your bridesmaids? Why didn't you write and tell us? We had not even heard that you were engaged. We are longing to see your husband. We don't know your name, or where you are living—or anything about you. Isn't it too awfully absurd?'

Harriet—crimsoning with embarrassment, and with pleasure also, at meeting a kind welcome after so many rebuffs—told her friends as much about herself, her home, and her husband as was agreeable to tell. Then the two sisters, gabbling and giggling till they were out of breath, turned, and walked up the street with Mrs. Robert Wendron.

'Harriet, you must come and stay with us next week. Papa has promised to take us to the Plymouth Theatre one night,

there is the most awfully jolly play on there. What is the name? "Colleen Bawn,"—and if you will go we can take a box. Do come, Harriet—you *must!*'

'Oh, dear! how awfully lovely it would be!' cried Harriet, with a deep-drawn sigh, 'but I am afraid I can't. Robert—my husband—would never let me go to the theatre.'

The two sisters gave a little scream.

'Not let you! who ever heard of such a thing! Why, what is the good of being married, if you can't do just as you like?'

'I don't know, I am sure,' replied Harriet, dolefully, 'I don't think being married is a bit like what you suppose it is.' It was a prosaic awakening from all her past visions of impressing her unmarried friends with her matron dignity.

'Why,' said one of the sisters, after an awestruck silence, 'you went to the theatre sometimes before you were married. Mr. Marsden didn't mind, though he is a clergyman.'

'Yes, and I used to go to parties sometimes, and I read as many novels as ever I liked.' Harriet had descended a further step on her dismal way. 'Robert, you are *worse* than papa,' she was ready to say.

'Well, we shall not take "No" for an answer—you will have to go with us somehow. Papa won't take a box if you don't; we have asked several people to join us already—and they have all declined,' said Fanny Burton, naively.

Harriet Wendron went home that afternoon with her head full of her hoped-for visit to the Plymouth Theatre. She was

as ready to plot and scheme to keep her husband in the dark, as she had been to keep from her father all knowledge of her intended marriage. It was not that Harriet was naturally untruthful, but in her bringing-up at home she had been allowed no independence, and a life without freedom always develops certain faults. Her first step was to coax Robert into consenting to her visit to the Burtons. He grumbled a good deal at first.

'Why in the world do you want to go gallivanting about like that when we have not been married four months? Why can't you be content to stop with your husband? Mother never goes away from home from one year's end to another, and never wants to.'

'Robert,' pleaded his wife, 'it is almost

the first thing I have asked you since we have been married. The Burtons are awfully nice girls, they seemed so pleased to see me to-day. It is hard I should not have any friends. My own sisters even can't come to see me; I have given up everybody for you, Robert;' and genuine tears came into Harriet's eyes, that were called up by the loneliness of her situation.

Robert was touched at once.

'There, never mind, my dear, you shall go and see your friends. I know you have given up a lot for me, Harriet,' he said, with unwonted gentleness, 'and all your own people have turned against you; but never mind, my dear, they will come round again some day.'

Amidst her joy at the way being thus made smooth for her, Harriet felt a sudden pang of conscience.

'What would he say if he knew I was going to the theatre? I have half a mind to give it up. But no, I won't, it is impossible he should ever find it out. Besides, there is no real harm in going to the theatre; and, if I do deceive Robert, it is his own fault for being a Dissenter, and thinking everything wicked.'

## CHAPTER II.

### THE STORM BREAKS.

Harriet Wendron came home from her visit to the Burtons one evening as the early dusk was falling. Her brief holiday, her short spell of amusement was over, and she was returning to the routine of her life at Radford Farm. In its quiet monotony it seemed like the order of nature itself, which proceeds undisturbed, knowing only the changes of day and

night, summer and winter, seed-time and harvest. She had enjoyed herself with all the keenness of one who had never had enough amusement in her youth to make her *blasée*; she had spent a delightful day at Plymouth with her friends, shopping, listening to the military band on the Hoe, and then the climax of delight, the theatre in the evening—altogether her visit to the Burtons would have been unmixed pleasure if it had not been for the thought of Robert.

He had been quite lover-like again, when they had parted for the first time since their marriage, the morning she went to her friends' house at Tavistock. He had walked down to St. Stephen's station with her carrying her black leather bag himself, he had taken her ticket,

he had seen her into the railway-carriage, saying,

'Good-bye, my dear, come back again on Thursday, I can't spare you a minute longer, the house will seem quite wisht without you.'

She remembered Robert as she had last seen him, standing on the railway platform—how tall and stalwart and handsome he had looked in his brown tweed suit and leathern gaiters—how kind and half-regretful his parting smile had been; and she thought with a remorseful tenderness that she had spoken of him a little slightingly of late.

'I almost wish I had not gone to the theatre,' she said to herself, now that the fun was over, and she began to feel that perfect ease of mind was preferable; on

that principle of wishing 'to have one's cake and eat it too,' which so often governs us. 'Well, he will never know anything about it, and I will never do it again—at least without telling him. Dear old Robert, we seem to have been parted quite an age. It is just tea-time, so I suppose he will soon be home. I think he *might* have met me at the station, but I suppose he is busy about something or other on that tiresome farm of his.'

Harriet's spirits rose a little as she entered the farmyard. The long low house, with the ruddy firelight flickering through the casement windows, looked so cheery and comfortable in the February twilight. After all, it was pleasant to have a home of her own, even though it was a very homely one; and her heart

beat a little more quickly at the thought that in another minute her husband might greet her with a roughly tender caress.

Harriet went into the parlour, no one was there. The white damask cloth was on the table, the tea-things glistened in the firelight, the bright copper kettle sang, everything apparently awaited the master and mistress. Harriet took off her hat and cloak and threw them on a chair. She would have tea before she went upstairs, but where were Robert and his mother? The house seemed strangely empty. Presently the maid-servant entered with some hot toast, and started as she saw Harriet standing in the dusk.

'Light the lamp, please,' said Harriet. 'Is everybody out?'

'Master isn't come in yet, and missus

is upstairs in her bed with a bad cold or something. I have took her up her tea.'

Harriet, feeling depressed by the silence and solitude after the noisy, harum-scarum household of the Burtons, began to make the tea. To be sure the kettle did not boil, but she had never learnt the true symptoms of a boiling kettle. And then, imagining that leaving the tea to stand for a lengthened period was the way to produce good tea, she lounged in the arm-chair by the fire, and presently was lost in meditation.

How delightful it would be, if she and Robert could leave this dull country place, and go to live at Plymouth.

'Oh, the delights of a seaport garrison town!' sighed Harriet, delights which she

had enjoyed only by brief snatches and at long intervals. 'Oh, the military bands and the red-coats, the boating in the Sound, the picnics at Mount Edgecombe, the dances, and the amateur theatricals!' She did not want to give up Robert certainly—but why, oh, why had he not gone into the army, instead of being a matter-of-fact Methodist farmer?

In the drowsy warmth and comfort Harriet had almost fallen asleep, when she was startled by the abrupt opening of the house door. She heard Robert's heavy footsteps; then came sudden silence—dead silence. Some undefinable feeling of alarm made her raise herself and look towards the door.

Robert was standing at the threshold of the parlour, apparently looking at her, but

there was not light enough for her to see his face.

'Robert, is that you?' she cried. 'What is the matter—why don't you speak?'

Then, as if the sound of his wife's voice had loosened something which was binding him fast and almost choking him, he came forward with quick strides into the room.

'*Where were you last night?*' he demanded, in a terrible voice.

Harriet sprang to her feet, feeling as a criminal does when the policeman's hand is laid upon his shoulder.

'Don't answer me—don't tell me a lie! I know where you were, you were at the Plymouth theatre!'

'If I was—where's the harm?' she gasped. 'I went with old Mr. Burton and the

girls.' Harriet clutched hold of the arms of her chair to support herself. Robert's face as he stood glaring at her, Robert's voice hoarse with passion, made her feel ready to faint.

'Harm! you ask me where's the harm? The theatre—why, it's the very gateway of hell!'

'It isn't—it wasn't—it was only the "Colleen Bawn,"' she stammered, in her utter confusion.

'Hold your tongue, I tell you! I say you've brought disgrace upon me, you've made me a scandal to the whole connection! Mr. Northmore was at Plymouth yesterday; he saw you coming out of the theatre, you and your precious friends, at eleven o'clock last night! He has been here to-day to call me to account, wanted to know if 'twas

with my knowledge and approval, *mine!* And I a class-leader, a Sunday school teacher!' and here Robert fairly choked with rage.

If Harriet had been a woman of spirit, if she had faced Robert unflinchingly, and demanded what right had Mr. Northmore or any other man—be he minister or priest—to interfere between her and her husband, Robert would very soon have sobered down. But her abject terror, her shrinking away from him, inflamed his passion almost to madness.

He turned away from her for a minute muttering to himself; then he came up to her again, as if returning to the charge.

'But, after all, it isn't the theatre I mind so much as your taking me in, Harriet!

You came coaxing and wheedling me to let you stop a day or two with your friends in Tavistock—they had been civil and pleasant to you, you said, when all the others had turned against you, and I could not bear to think of your losing every acquaintance you had, on account of your marrying me; and so I let you go, like the fool I was, little thinking what you were up to, and where you were going to, on the sly. You may think you can treat me as you like because I am only a plain hard-working farmer instead of being a gentleman—but you will find yourself preciously mistaken, let me tell you! Do you remember what I said the very first night as I brought you home to my house, that if ever you tried to deceive me I'd make you repent it!' and here Robert

clenched his fist and shook it in Harriet's face.

It was only an unmeaning gesture; he had no more idea of striking his wife than he had of striking his mother. But a horrible confused vision of the wife-murderers and wife-torturers of whom she had so often read in the newspapers, passed before Harriet's eyes.

'You are a hundred times worse than papa!' came her piteous, sobbing cry, as she shuddered back against the wall.

'Then go back to him! Go back to your parson father and your young lady sisters; you are not fit to be the wife of an honest working man!'

His wife's higher social position, all that seemed in her to be superior refinement, cultivation, charm—which was a constant

attraction to him in his happier moments, meant now only that she looked down upon him, deceived him, tried to make a tool of him.

At that instant, the face of the maid-servant, scared out of its usual stolidity, appeared at the open doorway. It inspired Harriet with just enough courage to try to escape. She made a dash across the room, nearly upsetting the servant in her flight, she rushed upstairs to her bed-room, banged the door, and locked it.

In about half-an-hour's time, she began to recover from the intense terror, which had been like a fainting fit in its paralysing and stupefying effects upon her. The first idea that occurred to her was that she was not safe where she was at present. Robert would come upstairs by-and-by,

and if she barricaded the door of his own room against him, he would be certain to break it down. Where should she go for protection? She dared not appeal to old Mrs. Wendron, she would be certain to side with her minister and her son, and would not dare to show Harriet any mercy even if she felt inclined to do so. The sight of the black leather bag which she had taken with her to Tavistock, which a porter had brought from St. Stephen's station on her return home, and which she had not yet unpacked—this black leather bag suggested several ideas to her mind. In the first place, she would seek shelter in another room, and she would take the bag with her: it contained all that she wanted for the night.

So she rose, and stiff and shivering, as

if suffering from bodily illness, she cautiously unlocked the door, and with the bag in one hand, and a lighted candle in the other, she crept out of her bed-room. For a moment or two she stood listening in the passage. All was silent, not a sound betokened her husband's presence in the house. A vivid recollection rose before her of the last time she had thus stood listening, hardly daring to breathe, in deadly terror of being seen or heard—it was the morning of her wedding-day.

She went stealthily along the passage, until she came to the one spare bed-room of the house; she hurried in, and locked the door behind her. Then, with one long breath of relief, she set down her candlestick and the bag, and threw herself into an old-fashioned chintz-covered arm-chair.

The room felt damp and chilly, and smelt musty from being long shut up; the furniture was, most of it, swathed in brown holland; there were no sheets on the bed. Still Harriet was thankful even for this dreary and inhospitable shelter. She wanted to rest, to collect her senses; her nerves were as shaken as if she had been in a railway accident.

The chief idea which possessed her was that of escape at the first opportunity, she believed that her life was not safe if she remained under the same roof as her husband. His white, menacing face haunted her like a ghastly dream; the remembrance of his furious words made her wince as though they had been cuts from a whip. Yes, get away from Robert she must, but where should she go? It was a

mockery to tell her to go back to her old home, her father would shut the vicarage door in her face. The Burtons—no, they were pleasant and hospitable, but her friendship was not intimate enough to enable her to endure the humiliation of asking them to shelter her from her husband. Besides, Tavistock was not sufficiently far away to render it a place of safety.

'I have not a refuge in the whole world,' she said; 'not a friend to protect me from this dreadful man!'

There suddenly flashed into her mind, how, long ago, Cecilia Tremayne—her Serene Highness, as Clive used to call her,—had once burst forth into passionate wrath over something she had read in the newspaper—one of those constantly re-

curring stories of a man's beating, kicking, or burning his wife to death. Cecilia would help her and protect her, and hide her away from Robert—the thought came like an inspiration, and, by the merest chance, she knew Cecilia's present address. Penzance was far enough away to render it a sure refuge, yet not so far but that she could reach it by a few hours' railway travelling. Harriet had a five-pound note in her purse; that would not only pay her fare, but her board and lodging for a week or two.

Cecilia would advise her what to do. Cecilia would not have the smallest difficulty in obtaining for her some easy and lady-like employment, by which she could maintain herself for the future. Cecilia was so wise, so sensible, so strong,

—and now that Harriet had need of her help, she did not call her, as she used to do, strong-minded. The very thought of Cecilia seemed to give the poor wife courage.

'Cecilia will stand by me,' she said to herself; 'Cecilia will see that I am not reviled and ill-treated.'

By-and-by there came heavy footsteps up the stairs. Harriet listened, her heart throbbing painfully fast; she heard Robert enter their room, then he came along the passage to her hiding-place. The handle of the door was tried, the lock was fast; then came a loud knocking.

'Harriet, are you there?'

She made no answer, but stood speechless and motionless in the middle of the room.

'Harriet, answer me, or I will break the door open.'

But the voice was more eager than threatening.

'Yes, I am here,' came her faint reply.

There was a moment's silence—then there was something a little embarrassed, not to say sheepish, in Robert's tone.

'Here's your supper, you haven't had any.'

Silence again, no answer from Harriet; then impatiently from Robert,

'Aren't you going to open the door?'

'No, I am not,' Harriet plucked up courage to reply.

'Do you mean to stay there all night then?' in a louder tone.

'Yes, I do.'

'Very well, stay there.'

A tray was banged down on the floor of the passage, Robert strode off to his room, shut the door, and locked it with violence.

'There, he is gone, and I am safe! Thank Heaven, I am safe! I will get out of the house and down to the railway-station before he is up to-morrow morning. I have everything I shall want here in this bag. But I shall have to take it to the train myself now; Robert won't carry it for me this time, as he did the other day.'

Then, suddenly, with an entire revulsion of feeling, Harriet burst into a passion of tears.

'Oh, Robert, I did love you so much once—I did love you!'

The memory of their first married days

—that happy week at Plymouth, when Robert was to her the most devoted and fascinating of bridegrooms—was an unbearable contrast to the present moment; the locked doors between them typifying their life-long separation, and the death of love and confidence and mutual respect.

## CHAPTER III.

### ROBERT REPENTS.

Robert Wendron slept the sleep of the just that night. Nevertheless, he awoke next morning with some of the sensations of a man who—not being a hardened drunkard—has been intoxicated the night before. He felt uneasy, ashamed, and remorseful; as he dressed himself he tried to recall what had happened, but could remember nothing beyond his own feeling of intense irritation, which had driven him

like a goad, but whither he hardly knew—and an uncomfortable vision of his wife's white and terrified face.

'I did perfectly right to be angry with her;' so he tried to reassure himself. 'But I should uncommonly like to know what it was I said. I don't wish to be harsh with her. I know the sort of bringing-up she has had.'

Still the doubt would rankle in his mind, 'Can I ever trust her again?' It was the second heavy blow to his confidence in her. Then came a passionate outburst of grief:

'How could you do it, Harriet? how could you deceive your husband for the sake of a paltry bit of worldly pleasure?'

As soon as he was dressed, he thought he would go and knock at the door of the

spare-room, with a civil inquiry how Harriet was that morning, and whether she would like her breakfast upstairs. But, behold, the door stood wide open, revealing the empty and somewhat disordered room.

'She has got up early, and gone downstairs already,' thought he, 'in order to please me.'

He entered the parlour with a smile on his face, and a slight touch of embarrassment—there was nobody there but the housemaid, laying the breakfast things.

'Where's your young mistress?' he demanded, with a sudden change of countenance.

'Law, sir, I don't know,' the servant answered, with a certain satisfaction. ('Serve master right for getting into one of his tantrums,' she thought.) 'Missus

ain't at home, anyway; she was up and out of the house before daylight——'

Robert stood pale and speechless, in the clutch of a great terror. He had driven Harriet to desperation—she had gone mad—she had destroyed herself. The next moment he recovered his senses, with some scorn for his own foolish fancy. Dismissing it from his mind, as being unworthy to be considered for one moment by a reasonable man, he sat down to his breakfast, with a dogged, lowering face.

'I told her to go back to her father—I do remember saying that last night—and she has taken me at my word, that's all. Well, as soon as ever I have had breakfast, I will go to the parsonage after her, and bring her back again. She may think she is going to show me up to her family, but



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all I can say is, she will look the most foolish of the two, before this morning is over.'

Twenty minutes afterwards, Robert was walking up the garden of St. Stephen's Vicarage, with quick, swinging strides. He gave a loud peal at the bell.

'Is Mrs. Wendron here?' he demanded of the servant who opened the door.

'I don't know any such person,' she answered insolently, though she knew well enough who asked the question.

'Then go and tell Mr. Marsden that I—Robert Wendron—wish to speak to him.'

'I don't think he will see you, the family is just going to breakfast.'

'Take that message to your master, or I'll deliver it myself.'

Robert, as he spoke, came two steps forward into the hall. There he stood, looking so tall and commanding, that—albeit he wore his usual rough tweed suit and leather gaiters—the servant obeyed him as if he had been, what she considered, a gentleman.

The dining-room door was wide open, and Robert had a glimpse of a white cloth and breakfast things upon the table, but the room was apparently empty, and the maid knocked at the door of the study.

'There's some one wants to see you, if you please, sir; and he won't take no denial, though I told him you was just going to breakfast.'

Mr. Marsden was ready at any hour of the day or night to be at the service of any

human being who needed him in his professional capacity. He came out of his study without a moment's delay, never doubting that some sick or dying parishioner claimed thevicar—then he stopped short, seeing who stood before him. For one instant a look of wrath and disgust swept over his face, then he drew himself up and waited in silence—his only expression a slight surprise—until Robert should address him.

'Mr. Marsden, I have reason to believe that my wife is here, and I have come to fetch her home again,' began the farmer, eyeing the vicar with a stern and steady gaze.

'Your wife?' Mr. Marsden just raised his eyebrows, and answered in a drawling tone. 'I really have to consider who your wife is.'

'You know who she is well enough, and you know who I am.' Robert came a little nearer, with a menacing look gathering in his face. 'I ask you, sir, is my wife in your house?'

'Pray don't excite yourself, my good man. I know nothing about your wife, and I wish to know nothing. But I ask you in return,' and Mr. Marsden's affected drawl suddenly gave place to bitter irony, while a gleam of hatred flashed out of his cold eyes, 'I ask you, what has become of my daughter Harriet?'

Robert returned his scowl with interest, but there was a deadly sinking at his heart, and his voice began to tremble.

'Will you declare to me, Mr. Marsden—on your honour as a gentleman—that Harriet is not here?'

'Certainly she is not here. And let me tell you, Mr. Wendron, if she does presume to come here at any future time, she will find the door shut against her! My house is no place for her, or for you, sir!'

Robert heard nothing but Mr. Marsden's emphatic denial.

'Where is she—my God, where is she?' he muttered, his bronzed cheeks growing pale, and a look of fear and anguish dimming his eyes.

'Apparently,' Mr. Marsden smiled sarcastically, as he saw Robert's emotion, 'apparently your wife has disgraced you even more than my daughter disgraced me. You are no doubt aware that, when a woman elopes with her husband, she generally ends by eloping from him.'

With his fist clenched and held close to his side, as if he were ready to knock Mr. Marsden down, Robert started forward.

'If you insult your daughter, you shall not insult my wife!'

Mr. Marsden only smiled. He, a priest and gentleman, was not going to flinch before a blustering, low-bred Dissenter, even though the latter might have twice his strength.

'You call her your wife,' he said, calmly, 'but I do not admit that the ceremony you and she went through in a schismatic meeting-house constitutes her your wife, morally; however much it may do so, legally.'

Robert fell back speechless, confounded as by a dreadful revelation. He stared at the vicar, then——

'Good God!' he cried, in a choking voice, 'what a father, what a home my poor girl has had! She came to me for shelter—and I—I have driven her away from me!'

And, like a man who has had a mortal blow, he turned and went out of the vicarage without another word.

Mr. Marsden smiled grimly to himself; then he went into the dining-room, and rang the bell for prayers.

In the Methodist connection to which he belonged Robert Wendron was supposed to have been 'converted' long ago, almost as a matter of course, considering his bringing-up by a religious father and mother. That is to say, as a boy in his teens, he had gone through a ceremony, akin, in its meaning, to the rite of con-

firmation in the English Church, and ever since he had been a regular attendant at the chapel services, at the class-meetings, and the Sunday school, and, in short, had made a regular 'profession of religion' (with occasional backslidings in the matter of attending, as a spectator, the Tavistock steeple-chases). Religion had been the one refining and spiritualizing influence of his life; a life which owed no softening touch to literature or art.

But from the moment he stood in the hall of St. Stephen's Vicarage that morning, a perfect revolution took place in Robert Wendron. He in reality experienced the beginnings of that 'change of heart' which he had read about in religious biographies, and, as is often the case with men of his temperament, the

change was sudden, violent, overwhelming. He was by nature both just and kindly; he was honest and straightforward with himself and with his fellow-creatures. When, therefore, his eyes were opened to see what he had done—that by his ungoverned anger he had terrified the woman he had vowed to love and protect, into the desperate step of leaving her husband's house, when her father's doors were shut against her—when his eyes were opened, his shame, his horror at himself were as intense as his wrath with her had been. He had gone to the vicarage that morning, longing to punish Harriet in some way for returning to her old home, and thus revealing their quarrel to her family; and behold, all the punishment, all the humiliation which had resulted from his visit to

Mr. Marsden had fallen upon himself.

'It was very wrong of Harriet to deceive me and go to the theatre; but why didn't I tell her of it kindly, instead of behaving to her as I did? What a hard-hearted, cold-blooded brute that parson is, and she said I was worse than he is, and so I was —so I was, for I love her, and she loved me.'

'Robert, you are worse than papa.' Those words of Harriet's kept on sounding in his ears, like a true and dreadful accusation.

'Oh, my dear—my dear, if I can only find you again, you shall see what a different sort of man I will be!'

His last faint hope died out when he re-entered his house, and found it as silent and empty as when he had left it. His

mother was keeping her bed, in all the stupifying discomfort of a bad cold. No one had informed her of Harriet's unexpected absence that morning, and she supposed that she had not yet returned from visiting her friends at Tavistock. Mrs. Wendron's only disquieting thought was that there was no one downstairs but the servant, to attend to Robert's 'little comforts.'

'Well,' said the old lady, sleepily, to herself, 'I saw to everything yesterday, and I will get up and go to work again to-morrow if I can, but to-day I must lie in bed, and rest myself a bit.'

Robert sat by the parlour fire, his elbows on his knees, his head bent down and resting on his hands. He was too much stunned, not only by Harriet's flight, but

by his own emotion, to be able to think clearly, or to take any further steps to discover her whereabouts; as for his daily work on the farm, for the labourers who needed his presence amongst them, and who were wondering all the morning what had become of the master—he never gave them one moment's thought. The whole world was dead to him, and he was left alone with his own conscience—that conscience which upon the whole he had obeyed during his past life, and which therefore had now not only vigour enough to chastise him for his past sins, but to coerce him into altering his course for the future. He sat thus, brooding over the fire for a whole hour, and it was the darkest, and yet the most fruitful hour of his whole life.

'Out of hearts ploughed by contrition spring flowers fairer than ever grew on the hard ground of unbroken self-content.'

There came a gentle rap at the front door, Robert did not hear it, but the servant did; in another minute the parlour door opened, a slight, girlish figure appeared on the threshhold; Robert sprang to his feet, hoping, wondering—was this a messenger from Harriet?

Lina Marsden came forward, slightly embarrassed, yet with a sweet and winning smile.

'Mr. Wendron, I am afraid you don't know me, or will not welcome me. I am Harriet's sister, Lina.'

Robert greeted her with both hands extended, in most brother-like fashion.

'I am uncommonly glad to see you, Miss

Lina. Do you know where Harriet is?'

'No, I do not know for certain, but I have an idea where she is;' and Lina cordially shook hands with him.

'Come and sit down by the fire then, and tell me all about it.' Robert tried to restrain his impatience, which prompted him to grasp Lina by the arm and shake the truth out of her. Had he not just solemnly vowed that he would try for the future to control himself better—especially when these women-folk aggravated him?

'I want to tell you first,' and Lina coloured a little and looked down, 'that I was just coming downstairs to breakfast this morning, when you were talking to my father, and I could not help hearing

what you both were saying. What has made Harriet run away from you, Mr. Wendron?'

And then Lina raised her clear, frank eyes, and looked searchingly into her brother-in-law's face.

Again he had to put a strong restraint upon himself.

'Why does she bother me with questions?' he wondered, 'instead of going straight to the point?' He did not see that Lina was bound, in all sisterly loyalty, not to betray Harriet's place of refuge—until she knew what cause she had to need one.

'Well, to tell you the truth, Miss Lina;' and Robert braced himself up to take the bitter, but no doubt salutary medicine of confession; 'to tell you the truth, Harriet

and I had words last night. It was about her going with those friends of hers, those Burtons, to the Plymouth theatre on the sly. I said more than I ought to have done, I know; and I was carried away so far as to put my fist in her face, I own it; but I had no more intention of hitting her, than I have you at this present moment. I give you my word for that, Miss Lina,' he said, emphatically.

'I should hope not, indeed!' and Lina recoiled from him in horror.

'Well, but I didn't do it, you see,' Robert replied, unconscious that the mere supposition was degrading to him. 'Still, I am afraid, poor girl, she thought I meant it; and so, when I came downstairs this morning she was gone, and I don't know where to look for her'—and he

broke off with a sort of groan of misery and despair.

Lina eyed him again with her penetrating glance.

'I suppose, if you found Harriet, you would make it all up, and be kind to her?'

'Ah, wouldn't I—my poor Harriet!' he answered, with another deep-drawn sigh. 'She should never have cause to leave me again. I can promise you that.'

'Then has it not occurred to you that possibly she may have gone back to the Burtons?'

'To be sure now—I never thought of that. I'll be bound she is there.' Robert started to his feet and looked at his watch. His energy returned to him directly he saw a prospect of something to do. 'I'll

take the next train to Tavistock, there is one due in twenty minutes. Those Burtons!' his face darkened, and he cursed them in his heart, 'all this would never have happened if it had not been for them. I'll give them a piece of my mind, as soon as ever I have got Harriet back again.'

'Heavens!' thought Lina, 'what a blustering, blundering, hot-tempered creature this is! As soon as he gets out of one hobble, he is ready to get into another. All the same, I don't wonder at Harriet falling in love with him. Mr. Wendron,' and she smiled very prettily at him, 'I wish yon would let me help you in this matter. I am going to Tavistock myself by the next train. I will call at the Burtons and see if Harriet is there. If she

is, so much the better; but if she is not, no harm will be done. Otherwise—don't you see the Burtons will know, what they need never be told, that Harriet has run away from you? I promise to send you a telegram from Tavistock immediately I have seen them. If Harriet is not at the Burtons, I have a shrewd idea where she may be found.'

'Where?' cried Robert, breathlessly.

'If I tell,' answered Lina, looking very bewitching, 'will you promise to let me go to the Burtons instead of you?'

'Of course I will.' Robert was like wax in the hands of this clever, clear-headed girl, whe was not in the least afraid of him, however much her sister might be.

'Well, then, I think she has gone to

Miss Tremayne at Penzance; we were talking about her the other day, and Harriet was wishing she could go to Penzance, and, though she used to sneer at Cecilia Tremayne sometimes, I know she has a real respect and admiration for her at heart. Cecilia has been the kindest friend in the world to my brother Clive and me. Here is her address;' and she took a slip of paper out of her pocket and handed it to Robert. 'I am afraid I cannot go to Penzance for you, I am running a fearful risk by coming to your house even. My father would heap all the anathemas of the Church on my head if he knew it.'

'I don't believe your father would help Harriet if she were dying!' Robert's eyes flashed, but again came to him the remembrance of Harriet's words—'Robert, you

are worse than papa,'—and he was dumb.

'Good-bye, Mr. Wendron. I have only just time to catch the train. You shall have a telegram in less than half-an-hour. Good-bye, all will be well, depend upon it;' and, with another hearty shake of her brother-in-law's hand, Lina went away.

Robert remained by the fire without moving for nearly another half-hour, pondering over the chances for and against Harriet being at Tavistock. If she were not, then he would set off by the next train on what was, to him, a long and tedious journey to Penzance. He would not telegraph first, no—Miss Tremayne was a stranger to him, she might refuse to reply. He would go himself to her

house, and, if necessary, would assert his legal claim to his wife.

Then the time had come, he thought, when he might reasonably expect the telegram from Lina, and he went to the door, took his felt hat from a peg, and walked across the farmyard and along the lane which led him to the high-road.

There he stood, looking down the hill to the railway station.

He had not waited long, though it seemed a weary time to him, when he saw one of the railway porters coming up the road. His heart beat fast, but he tried to speak in an indifferent tone.

'Got a telegram for me?'

'Here you are, sir.'

The orange-coloured missive was placed in his hands, and he eagerly tore it open.

*'From Lina Marsden, Tavistock,*

*To Mr. Wendron, Radford Farm, St. Stephen's.*

*'She is not here. She took ticket by first train this morning to Plymouth, probably has gone on to Penzance.'*

The porter, lingering a little curiously—never before in his knowledge had a telegram been despatched to Radford Farm—saw Mr. Wendron crush the pink paper in his fingers, while his face became very pale. Now that he knew that Harriet was not in the immediate neighbourhood, she seemed really and truly separated from him. Having made a few inquiries about

trains from the porter, Robert returned to the house.

About one o'clock that afternoon he was at St. Stephen's railway station. No need for him to enquire of the station-master whether his wife had been there that morning, thereby possibly arousing scandal about her movements. Lina Marsden had thought of everything before he did, and had found out everything without casting suspicion on Harriet.

'That is a good, clever, thoughtful girl,' so he meditated in the railway carriage; and he was grateful to Lina, but at the same time he could not help feeling himself to be rather useless and dependent, and altogether 'small' in this emergency.

The five hours' journey to Penzance was a period of severe discipline to Robert

Wendron. He bought a newspaper at one of the bookstalls, but he found it impossible to give his attention to it. For the greater part of the way he had the compartment to himself, and he was left to the sole companionship of his thoughts—and bitter enough they were. He had made up his mind that he should find Harriet at Penzance, yet at times the doubt pierced him like a sword—'Supposing she is not there—supposing I never find her again!' and then, so unbearable was his pain that once or twice, when he was alone, he could not forbear crying out, with a sort of wild prayer to heaven for mercy. For five mortal hours this strong-willed, energetic, masterful nature was forced to endure solitary confinement, bodily inactivity, helpless suspense, in presence of a

great terror. Robert Wendron was a changed man, for the rest of his life, through his sufferings of that day.

## CHAPTER IV.

### A RUNAWAY WIFE.

When Robert Wendron arrived at Penzance that evening, he was thoroughly weary from his railway journey, though he could have been double the number of hours in the saddle without fatigue. Still, he did not allow himself the luxury of a cab, but, with a little old-fashioned carpet-bag in his hand, he walked along the narrow streets, much jostled by the passers-

by, and somewhat bewildered by his strange surroundings.

After much enquiring of his way, he suddenly came out upon the esplanade, and saw before him a vast expanse of luminous sea. The full moon hung over it, and there was a pathway of dazzling lustre, which seemed even brighter than the moon above. Sea and air were flooded with molten silver, and, where the long waves broke with rolling rhythm on the sands, there was a flashing brilliance like electric light. The air was soft and balmy, as if this February night were midsummer; there came wafts of sweetness from the hyacinths and narcissi in full bloom in the gardens—flowers which, far away in London, were just beginning to open in heated conservatories.

Marine Terrace, a long, low line of houses, with little gardens in front, and lights behind gaily striped blinds in some of the windows, lay on Robert's right hand. He walked slowly along the esplanade, his footsteps seeming to echo in the quiet air; he began to feel as though he were walking in a dream. This darkly radiant world lighted by the mystic splendour of the moon, and the quivering glory on the sea, was strange and wonderful to him, and his courage sank as he lost his firm foothold on familiar things. Might not Harriet be altogether changed, even if he found her again?

He discovered Number 25 at last, and his heart throbbed quickly as he pulled the bell. Now in a few moments, after the suspense of that interminable day, he should know his fate.

'Does Miss Tremayne live here?' he asked of the youthful maid-servant who opened the door. His voice sounded hoarse and unnatural to himself, as if his throat were parched with thirst.

'Yes, she does. What do you please to want of her, sir?' was the cautious answer, dictated by the hour, a late one for callers.

'I want to know if there is a lady stoping here,'—and Robert gasped a little, he could not bring himself to utter his wife's name.

'I'll go and see if Miss Tremayne will speak to you.'

The girl looked at him as if she were in a dilemma—she was afraid to ask a strange, and, as she thought, rather ferocious-looking man to come into the

house that hour of the evening, and yet she was too civil to shut the door in his face. Finally she compromised matters by leaving the door ajar, and then putting up a chain so as to prevent him from entering.

'She takes me for a thief or a wild beast,' Robert muttered, savagely. He was in that state of mental worry and bodily fatigue when even a strong man finds out that he has a nervous system. He stood glaring into the lighted passage; he watched the servant disappear into a back room, from whence for a few minutes came a murmur of voices. Then when the girl appeared again, instead of coming to the door as he had hoped, she went tearing up the narrow staircase. Robert strained his ears for the sound of his wife's

voice, but nothing could he distinguish. At last, when he had his hand upon the bell to give a furious ring, the servant came rushing headlong down the stairs.

'Please to walk in, sir;' and in a great hurry she undid the chain, and threw open the door of a cheerful little parlour.

The room was empty, but it had evidently been lately occupied. A shaded lamp burned on the table, books, needlework, and an open newspaper lay beside it.

The fire burned brightly, and through the open window came the soft, flower-scented air and the murmur of the sea. Robert stood in the centre of the room, grasping his hat tightly in both hands,

much too eager to sit down; then the door opened and Miss Tremayne came into the room.

Of course Robert recognised her at once; everybody knows everybody else by sight in a lonely country neighbourhood. But he had never spoken to her, and until now, when they met many miles away from their old and familiar haunts, he had merely given her a careless glance in passing.

And now, in his state of suspense and agitation, with all his mental faculties confused, and yet excited like a man's in a fever, he stood amazed as the tall, fair young woman, with the grave, sweet, straightforward glance and somewhat haughty grace, came towards him. He had been proud of his wife because she

was a lady, but here was some one as different from Harriet as Harriet was from his mother.

'Miss Tremayne,' he began, in an unusually deferential manner, 'you don't know me perhaps. I am Robert Wendron of Radford Farm—you'll remember the farm, I daresay. Will you kindly tell me if you have seen my wife to-day? Her sister thought it was likely she had come here.'

'Yes, Mrs. Wendron is here, in this house.'

'Ah—' Robert drew a deep breath and turned very pale. The relief, now it had come at last, was so intense, it was almost a shock to him.

'Will you not sit down?' Cecilia spoke in a cold, courteous, deliberate tone, as if

Robert were an enemy with whom she had to make terms.

Robert dropped mechanically into a chair; the next moment he sprang to his feet again.

'Where is my wife? I will go to her at once.'

'Pardon me, she is quite unable to see you to-night. She is thoroughly exhausted and worn out, and, if she does not have perfect rest for a day or two, I fear she will be seriously ill.'

'If she is ill, all the more reason I should go to her,' he burst out. Then, suddenly becoming aware of the meaning of Cecilia's cold and hostile bearing, he went on. 'Don't you misunderstand me, Miss Tremayne. I am not going to say anything to vex her, poor girl.'

'No, I hope not. But she must not be excited, as she certainly would be, if she even knew that you were here.'

'Won't you so much as tell her I am in Penzance?' Robert's eyes flashed fire.

'I am sorry to say, Mr. Wendron, that, for her own sake, I must refuse to tell her to-night.'

'I have a legal right to see my wife!' he exclaimed, grinding the heel of his boot into the floor. Then he turned away abruptly, and walked to the window. He felt that he was once more becoming overwhelmed by the passion which had brought about all his sufferings of that day, and resolutely he held his tongue and wrestled with himself.

Cecilia, little knowing what was passing in his mind, looked at him with cold scorn

and dislike. Harriet, weak-minded, terrified wife, who had thrown herself on her protection to-day, appealed to Cecilia's strongest instincts; and she was ready to defend her with all the energy she possessed. But this big, broad-shouldered, bearded man was to Cecilia the very embodiment of everything she most abhorred—masculine brute force, and that domestic slave-holding which is upheld by Law and the Church.

The estimate in which Miss Tremayne held him had an unconscious influence over Robert, in his struggle with himself. He realized that he must seem to her to be playing an odious part—that, after having by his violence frightened his wife out of his house, he was now hunting her down in the refuge she had found for herself.

His cheeks burned with mortification, and he said, in a troubled tone,

'It seems hard on a man to have come all this way, and not to see her now I've got here. But I have no right to complain, I know that.'

Cecilia was surprised and touched by Robert's submission.

'I promise you I will tell Harriet you are here as soon as I prudently can to-morrow morning. I have no doubt that she will be much better when she has had a good night's rest. Now, let me offer you some supper after your long journey;' and she went towards the fireplace, and laid her hand upon the bell.

'Thank you, Miss Tremayne, I think I had better be going. It's getting late, and I must go and look up some

quiet inn, where I can stop the night.'

She did not press him to remain longer, she was in too constant dread lest the wife upstairs should recognise the husband's voice below.

'If she did,' thought Cecilia, 'Harriet is just the sort of woman to go into a violent hysterical fit.'

Cecilia gave Robert all the information he wanted about an hotel to stay at, and promised to send him a note the next morning to tell him how Harriet was, and when he might be allowed to see her.

Just as he was leaving the room, he paused, looked Cecilia earnestly in the face, and said, with a good deal of simple dignity,

'I must get Harriet back in some way, Miss Tremayne. For a wife to leave her

husband for any length of time, is a thing not to be thought of amongst Christian people. But I want her to come back to me of her own free will. Tell her, will you please, Miss Tremayne? that all I think about is being friends again. She shall never hear another word from me about what's past and gone.'

Cecilia felt more hopeful about the prospect of a reconciliation between this oddly-matched couple. Certainly the man was more tolerable directly he laid aside his masterful airs, and had the grace to appear a little ashamed of himself. And it was only reasonable to suppose that affection rather than anger had led him to pursue his runaway wife to Penzance.

Harriet was sitting in an arm-chair by the fire in a little bed-room at the top of

the house, which fortunately for her, Mrs. Bosustow was able to place at her disposal. She looked up with a timid grateful smile as Cecilia entered. On her way that day to throw herself on Cecilia's protection, and to avail herself of Cecilia's strength and cleverness, in which she sincerely believed—she had nevertheless imagined that she should be able to keep up her dignity as a married woman; for Miss Tremayne, however youthful she might still look, was certainly becoming an old maid. But by the time the wife had told the whole story of her quarrel with her husband—and Harriet was frank to the verge of indiscretion—her dignity departed, and she became conscious that she was making a very poor figure indeed.

She had confessed not only that her husband had stormed at her, had shaken his fist in her face—the cause of his rage had to be told also. And, when Harriet had revealed her little scheme of going to the Plymouth theatre without his knowledge, Cecilia's involuntary start of surprise and disgust had opened Harriet's eyes in a way that Robert's angry words would never have done.

'My dear Mrs. Wendron,' said Mrs. Tremayne, who sat by her side, knitting stockings, 'I guess how you felt when you told us. You felt real mean—one always does when Cecilia looks like that.'

Harriet was much attracted by Mrs. Tremayne—the gentle, motherly, rather gushing woman.

'It is awfully odd,' thought the former, 'that Cecilia's mother should suddenly turn up like this. Nobody knew before that she had a mother living. And she is rather peculiar too—foreign, or at least American, I suppose; and she is not quite a lady somehow, nice as she is. She is more like a kind, good-natured, well-dressed old nurse or housekeeper.'

And a very tender nurse Harriet found her. Mrs. Tremayne was warmly interested in the young wife's story. It seemed, in some respects, like the counterpart of her own.

'Not much good ever comes from marrying away from your own folk,' thought Mrs. Tremayne—'whether a woman marries a gentleman far above her as I did, or whether she goes down a step or

two for her husband, as this poor thing has done.'

'Didn't I hear the bell ring, and a man's voice in the house just now?' asked her mother, as Cecilia entered.

'Yes,' she answered, indifferently, 'a man came to see me about something. I'll tell you all about it to-morrow, mother;' and she turned to Harriet, and asked her if she felt a little more rested.

'Some charity case, I guess,' murmured Mrs. Tremayne over her knitting. 'Always missionaries and people like that around.'

'Are you a Methodist, Mrs. Tremayne?' asked Harriet.

'Dear no—I belong to the Episcopal Church, the Church of England as we call it here.'

'Oh, that is a good thing. We are so awfully bothered about missionaries at Radford Farm. Mrs. Wendron, my husband's mother, is so fond of them, keeps a money-box with a slit in it for them, and all that kind of thing. Oh, you can't think how trying it is to have to do with Methodists. If it had not been for one of their ministers—horrid old thing!—who went and told Robert about my going to the theatre, he would never have known anything about it.'

'But, Harriet,' said Cecilia, gently, 'Mr. Wendron must have been told some day. You would never have been happy as long as you kept it secret from him, you know.'

'Indeed, I don't know. I shall never be happy again now, I know that;' and Harriet began to cry.

'Yes, yes, my dear, you will,' and Mrs. Tremayne tried to soothe her.

'We must not talk any more, I think,' said Cecilia. 'We had better let you go to bed now, we are only tiring you.'

'Oh, please don't go away, I can't bear to be left alone—indeed, you are not tiring me.' Harriet had so vivid a remembrance of the misery and horror of last night that she now dreaded solitude and darkness as if she were a child. 'You know, I must think about my future plans and how I am going to snpport myself. I don't want to be a governess, I am not like Lina, I should hate teaching.'

Cecilia smiled a little archly.

'Then, if I were you, I should try to qualify myself for being a lady-housekeeper.'

'Yes, I think I should like that.'

'I am sure you would, if you were as lucky as I have been,' put in Mrs. Tremayne.

'Then I would learn everything I could about making bread and butter and clotted cream and jam and pies and puddings,' Cecilia went on. 'I would be ignorant of nothing that would be useful in a household, and I would understand all about flowers, fruit, and vegetables, and even cows and pigs.'

Harriet began to look interested. It gave her a pleasant sense of importance to hear her future plans talked over by her friends; it raised her spirits a little out of the deep depression into which they had sunk.

'It sounds rather nice to be a lady-

housekeeper, much nicer than teaching tiresome children, as Lina wants to do. I think I should like to learn to do all those things—cooking and so on. And do you really think, Cecilia, I could get a comfortable home as a housekeeper?'

'I am pretty sure of it,' answered Cecilia, trying not to laugh; 'I am pretty sure you may have a very comfortable home, if you will make up your mind to live in the country and learn to do household work, and not to expect very much in the way of society and amusement. I am afraid, if you wanted a town life, where there was a good deal of fun and gaiety going on, you would find it very difficult to get employment of any kind that you would like. You would have to work much harder, and would have much less

kindness and consideration shown you, than in the situation I am thinking of.'

'But it is so dull living in the country;' and Harriet's face fell again.

'If you have plenty to do, and the people you live with are fond of you, you may come in time not to find it dull. Now, I think I will bid you good night.'

Cecilia felt a little weary and impatient with this slight nature, whose regrets seemed like a mockery of her own. In times gone by, she herself had often found Morwell Vicarage dull enough, but at least her cravings were for something very different from the dances and theatres and military bands which would have appeased Harriet.

'The only hope for her,' thought Cecilia, 'is that she may take up the work of her household as an interest in life. Fortunately, her husband seems a much more reasonable man than I had expected from her description of him. He has evidently a strong affection for her, and I can only hope she reciprocates it as much as he deserves.'

The next morning, when Cecilia went into Harriet's room, she was rather gratified to find her, after enjoying a good night's sleep, and a good breakfast, crying heartily. Mrs. Tremayne, who was sitting by her bed-side, found it impossible to comfort her. Cecilia had not let her mother into the secret of Mr. Wendron's presence in the town; and the burden of Harriet's grief was,

'I shall never—never be happy without Robert! I dare not go back to him, I dare not face him again, he has almost frightened me to death as it is. But I don't know how I shall live without him. I shall never be happy again, never!'

'You would not be afraid of him if he were kind to you, Harriet?' Cecilia thought the way was already well prepared for the disclosure she had to make. 'Supposing he were here now, begging you to come back to him, and promising never to say another word about the past!'

'Oh, but he never will forgive me. I did deceive him about going to that wretched theatre, you know, and I am as sorry for it now as ever I can be, but he will never forgive me, never!'

'Would you not believe him, if he told you himself that he forgave you?'

'Yes, *if* he said so, I should believe him. Robert always means what he says.'

'Well then, he *has* said so.'

Harriet raised her tear-stained face, all amazed and incredulous. Cecilia smiled, and took her hand.

'Mr. Wendron is here—in Penzance. I saw him last evening. He said to me just these words, and he asked me to repeat them to you. All he wants is that you and he should be friends again, and he promises never to say another word about the past.'

Harriet was almost speechless.

'Robert here—here now?' she gasped.

'Yes, he is waiting at an hotel to know what time he can come and see you this

morning. I assure you, Harriet, there is no reason in the world why you should fear meeting him. He appears to have none but the very kindest thoughts of you.'

Harriet turned so white that Mrs. Tremayne thought she was going to faint, and she brought her a glass of water in a great hurry. While she was drinking it, Mrs. Tremayne murmured, a little reproachfully,

'Then that was Mr. Wendron who called last night. Oh, Cecilia, you never told me, and I thought it was only a missionary!'

'Ask him to come in an hour's time, please, Cecilia,' said Harriet. 'I will get up and dress, and try to look as nice as ever I can. Dear Robert! and did he

actually come all this long way to try to find me, do you think? And how did he look, was he pleasant? And wasn't he really a bit angry with me for running away from him?'

'No, I think he was angry only with me for not allowing him to see you last evening, and make it all up with you without further loss of time. Harriet,' Cecilia spoke very earnestly now, 'I believe you have it almost entirely in your own power to make your life a happy one for the future.'

Harriet, flushing and palpitating with hopes and fears, joyful at the thought of seeing Robert again so soon, yet even now somewhat frightened—surely he would not let her off quite so easily as Cecilia believed—Harriet sat in the Tremaynes'

little parlour, which they had vacated that morning so that the husband and wife might meet with as little embarrassment as possible.

There came a ring at the front door bell. She started up and stood trembling; losing all control over herself, she was about to rush out of the room, to hide herself up-stairs, when the parlour door opened, a tall, broad-shouldered, manly figure appeared in the doorway, and then —almost before the servant had shut the door again and had disappeared— Harriet found herself clasped in two powerful arms, and her face covered with kisses.

The husband and wife had, each of them, suffered so acutely during their separation, that it was perfect bliss to

them now to be together again, and they had little need of words at first. But presently Robert put his hands on Harriet's shoulders, and, holding her a little away from him, he looked down into her face with a half stern, half tender gaze.

'How could you do it, Harriet? how could you have the heart to go away and leave your husband?'

Harriet sobbed like a child.

'I am very sorry, dear Robert; I will never do it again!'

'I am very sorry too, Harriet, for what I said to you the evening you came home from Tavistock. You and I have, both of us, something to forgive and forget. Look here, do you remember one thing you said to me, "Robert, you are worse than

papa"? I have thought of it many a time since.'

'Oh, no, no; you are not one bit like papa!' said Harriet, lovingly.

'Now, remember, the next time you see me beginning to get nasty-tempered, just say to me, "Robert, don't be like papa!" and then stop my mouth with a kiss—like this, do you see!'

'I'll tell you what,' said Robert, presently, as they were sitting comfortably before the fire, 'to-day is Saturday—supposing you come back with me to my hotel, and we stop in Penzance over Sunday; would you like that? It seems a pretty sort of place, and we'll have a little bit of a honeymoon over again. It will be the second time you and I have eloped together, Harriet;' and he laughed in high glee.

Harriet was in an ecstacy.

'I only wish we could stay here a month or two, Robert.'

'Ah, that would never do. I can't give up my farm; no, not even for you, my dear! Now, you had better go and get your things on, and tell Miss Tremayne you are coming along with me to the hotel. I am sure she has been uncommonly good to take you in, a regular vagabond as you are. What was she going to do with you, if I had not turned up?'

'I was going to learn to do all sorts of household things. She thought I could get a situation as a lady-house-keeper,' replied Harriet, casting down her eyes.

Robert burst into loud laughter.

'Come along and be my lady-house-

keeper then! I've got the very situation waiting for you at Radford Farm!'

Harriet went out of the room demurely, without replying.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE SECOND HONEYMOON.

On the following afternoon, this runaway couple varied their second honeymoon by having tea with the Tremaynes.

Afterwards, the elder lady coaxed Robert into going with her to see a little house and garden, which she and Cecilia were going to take.

'I should like to have your opinion on the bit of land, Mr. Wendron.'

She was glad to have a man to consult

about a matter of business—this, as some writer says, 'is in a woman's eyes the great object of a man's existence.' So Robert, who already was beginning to feel the want of something to do, went off with Mrs. Tremayne, and Cecilia and Harriet seated themselves in the bow window overlooking the sea.

It was a glorious February evening. The sun was sinking in golden glory just above the wooded heights to westward of the town. A rosy light floated over the eastern shores of the bay. St. Michael's Mount, with its rocks, and castellated towers, and purple-shadowed hollows, stood out tenderly defined in the sun's last rays. The calm sea shone like an opal, a few ripples broke on the long stretch of wet yellow sand, a few sails glowed pink

against the soft blue horizon; up and down the esplanade the townspeople were pacing this Sunday afternoon, the sound of voices and footsteps came softly in at the open window.

It is probable that a couple more highly cultured than Robert and Harriet Wendron would have found it intolerable to meet the Tremaynes again so soon. To some very refined and sensitive people, the fact of their friends knowing all about their quarrel—the wife's flight, the husband's pursuit, and their final reconciliation—would have been torture. But Robert, who had been embarrassed when the pack of cards fell out of his pocket at chapel, and when the minister lectured him afterwards, saw no cause for confusion now. What was there to be ashamed of?

His wife and he had forgiven each other and made it up, and were as happy as a bride and bridegroom over again. No doubt it was brave and honest of Robert to feel like this, but possibly a gentleman would not have been as comfortable in the presence of the Tremaynes, as this 'plain, hard-working farmer' as he liked to call himself. Class habits and traditions have much to do with fine-drawn subtleties of feeling.

Cecilia was glad that her mother had taken Robert Wendron out of her sight. She, who had been brought up by aristocratic Reginald Tremayne—the one love of whose life had been sensitive, chivalrous Maurice O'Donovan—found it a little difficult to tolerate the society of this ordinary well-to-do, middle-class Englishman, who

was redeemed from utter Philistinism only by a certain fire and impetuosity which he owed to his Cornish blood. Of course Cecilia was the last woman in the world to think less of a man because of the class to which he belonged.

'It is the class to which I, as my mother's daughter, belong now,' she thought, with au irrepressible pang.

But what Cecilia most disliked about this young farmer was an air of domination, as though all his life long he had been considered a superior being, and had taken the lead and management of everyone about him.

'This sort of self-conceit is what school and university training knocks out of a true gentleman. Both in his work and in his play it comes as naturally to him to

obey as to command,' thought Cecilia. 'Well, Harriet has found her master, as they say; and she is such a poor weak, shallow-minded creature, though very good-hearted, that no doubt she will probably like him none the worse for ruling her.'

Cecilia began after the others had gone out.

'Do you know, Harriet, I really meant what I said last night, although I knew all the time that Mr. Wendron was here, and that you would be certain to go home again with him. I really meant what I said—that if I were you, I would at once set about learning how to make butter and bread and clotted cream, and those kind of things. You know you told me yesterday how dull you found your life, but that Mr. Wendron was perfectly happy

and contented with his hard work on the farm. Now, don't you think you might grow contented too, if you worked hard in the house? You became a farmer's wife of your own free will, surely you would be happier if you determined to live the life of a farmer's wife?'

'I should not at all dislike looking after the dairy and the poultry; at all events, I would rather do that than sit in the house all day with no one to talk to and nothing to amuse me, but I don't think old Mrs. Wendron would like me to interfere with what she always considers her business.'

'She must learn to like it, Harriet. It is your right to be the mistress of your husband's household, and to direct everything that is to be done. Besides, you must consider that Mrs. Wendron cannot

live for ever, and at her age she might be laid aside by illness at any time. Then what would become of you, and your chance of being happy and respected in your own home, if you knew nothing of the occupations and the duties of the mistress? I cannot understand why women do not look upon marriage as a profession, to be carried on in a sensible and business-like way, as any other profession; to be taken as if a woman feels herself suited for it, to be declined, if she feels (as an increasing number of women do feel) that she has no vocation for it. Yes, if you will let me suggest it to you—directly you go home ask Mrs. Wendron to teach you everything about the work of the house and the dairy and so on.'

'I think it is an awfully good idea of yours,' replied Harriet, gratefully, 'and I will certainly do all I can. But supposing Robert objects?'

'My dear Harriet, he will be delighted. Did you ever know a man yet who was not pleased if he thought his wife was going to get him something nice to eat? I daresay the puddings and the butter and the bread that you make at first will not be nice at all; but you must take care that he does *not* eat them, and you can keep your failures for the fowls' and the pigs' dinners instead. And, that reminds me, you might learn to rear poultry, and amuse yourself with the chicken; and then you have a garden, I suppose?'

'Yes, but there are hardly any flowers in it.'

'There is a fine field for your energies —there is work for you summer and winter!' cried Cecilia, becoming enthusiastic. 'Who can have nothing to do if he or she has a garden? Do, Harriet, try to grow flowers; you have no idea how happy they will make you.'

'But I know nothing about flowers. I am afraid I am awfully ignorant,' answered Harriet, dejectedly.

'You will find some of the cottagers who will teach you hosts of things, and then there are plenty of cheap books and magazines about gardening. I'll give you all the help I can, and if there is anything you want to know at any time, just write to me, and I will try to find it out for you.'

Cecilia was about to tell Harriet of her

own schemes of work, but she refrained. The time they had together was very short, and she felt that she must use every moment in talking of Harriet's affairs. All the happiness of her future life depended upon the fresh start that she and her husband made on their return home.

'I admire Mr. Wendron very much in many ways.' Cecilia forced herself to be just to a man whom she knew to be worthy of respect. 'I have often heard his labourers and their wives speak of him. They say he is a very strict master, and shows his men little mercy if they idle or get drunk; but that he is never unjust, and no one could be kinder than he is, if they or their families are ill. An old man told me that one day'—Cecilia

smiled a little consciously, for the case was something like Harriet's own,—'one day Mr. Wendron was very angry with him about something, and downright swore at him—"and then the same evening he came and asked my pardon, as humble as ever could be," said the old man. "He said he should not like to meet me at chapel Sunday if he had not done it. Ah, he is a real good Christian man, is Farmer Wendron, if he be a bit hasty at times." So you see, Harriet, you have to "take the rough with the smooth," in marrying a Methodist. You knew he was one before you married him, and so you must make up your mind to do without going to the theatre, and a few trifles of that sort. He thinks a good many little things are wrong which you and I think

quite innocent—but after all, we can live without them; and we *cannot* live without justice, and kindness, and compassion, and a good many other qualities which Mr. Wendron has.'

When the husband and wife arrived at Radford Farm the evening of the following day, they found old Mrs. Wendron sitting by the parlour fire, wrapped in a large plaid shawl, coughing, and looking pale and querulous. Hitherto she had flattered herself that her son's marriage had made very little difference in the household. She was still the mistress, Harriet was only an ornamental figure, and Robert consulted his mother's wishes quite as much as he did his wife's. But this sudden 'jaunt,' as she called it, to Penzance—what did it mean? Robert had never done such a

thing before in his life, as to go off travelling for a couple of days at an hour's notice. She did not approve of it—it savoured of the world and frivolous amusement. This was all Harriet's influence; this came of marrying a Church parson's daughter. And Mrs. Wendron sighed, for the first time realizing the truth of the old saying—'My son is my son till he gets him a wife.'

'Well,' she began, 'and where ever have you two young people been?'

'We have been to Penzance, mother, for a breath of sea air;' and here Robert was guilty of the vulgarity of winking at his wife.

'And what were you doing with yourselves all day yesterday?' and Mrs. Wendron put on the peculiar look of severity, which

the thought of Sunday always called up on her face.

'Well, in the morning we went to chapel, then we had an uncommonly good dinner at the hotel, and after that a walk on the esplanade, and tea with Miss Tremayne and her mother. That's about all, I think, Harriet?'

'And you could go about enjoying yourselves like that and never thinking of your duties? You arranged nothing about your Sunday-school class, Robert; and old George Taylor had to take your boys for want of anyone better, and they nearly wore the life out of him, he's that dull and feeble, poor old man.'

'Well, I can't bother about that now, mother,' replied Robert, with a darkening face. 'Let's have our tea, Harriet and I are tired and hungry.'

Mrs. Wendron rather feebly began to make the tea, while Harriet looked distressed, knowing it was her own guilt which had brought this lecture upon her husband. Full of good resolutions, and anxious to begin household work at once, she said,

'Let me help you, Mrs. Wendron, you don't seem well.'

'Indeed I am not,' and the old lady began to cough vigorously. 'I have been very poorly for the last week, and I wonder you liked to stay away from home so long when I was upstairs and couldn't do anything.'

'I am awfully sorry, I had no idea you were ill.'

'Didn't Robert tell you then—didn't he tell you? Oh, dear—dear, my son is beginning to forget me in my old age.'

'Good Lord!' and Robert jumped up in a state of exasperation. 'If I can't have tea in peace here, I'll go and have it in the barn;' and he began to stride across the room.

Harriet was in an agony—everything was going to be spoilt the evening of their second return home, just as her unlucky letter had marred their first honeymoon. And she and Robert had been so happy together the last three days! In desperation she remembered the spell that Robert had told her to use in an emergency like this. She caught him by the arm as he passed her to leave the room.

'Robert,' she whispered—'*please* don't be like papa!'

Robert stood still, furious for one moment; the next, he burst out laughing.

'Well done, my dear!' and he bent down and gave her a hearty kiss. 'You remembered what I told you in the very nick of time! No, I *won't* be like the Reverend Philip Marsden, if I know it!'

He re-seated himself at the tea-table, paying no more attention to his mother's grumblings, but chuckling to himself as he recalled his encounter with the vicar on the morning of Harriet's flight.

'He'll look rather blue if he sees my wife and me walking comfortably together to chapel next Sunday!'

Harriet found plenty of opportunities for assuming the reins of domestic management. Mrs. Wendron, senior, continued ailing for several weeks that spring, spending much time in her bed-room. Harriet had to look after the butter and the bread-

making, to study cookery books instead of novels, and to make herself acquainted with the poultry. The old lady's vanity was gratified by her daughter-in-law having continually to come to her for instruction in household work, and by many references to her superior knowledge. Robert put up good-humouredly with Harriet's well-meaning blunders, and, as Cecilia had advised, the fowls and the pigs profited by the spoilt puddings.

Of course neither Robert's fiery and overbearing temper, nor Harriet's indolence and love of pleasure were ever entirely eradicated; but the will and the conscience of each of them had been aroused during the dark hours of their separation, and husband and wife had made a fresh and a happy beginning the

second time of their coming home. Before that year was out, Harriet had asserted a new claim to be considered mistress of the household, and neither old Mrs. Wendron nor anyone else ever again disputed her sovereignty.

## CHAPTER VI.

### HAPPY EVER AFTER.

Lina Marsden was sitting alone in the drawing-room at St. Stephen's Vicarage. An open letter was spread on the table before her, and one or two quiet tears dropped on the paper as she read it. Clive came into the room, and she quickly wiped away her tears with her handkerchief, but the boy's keen eyes discovered that something was grieving his favourite sister.

'What is the matter, Lina?' he asked.

'Oh, nothing—well, I suppose I had better tell you. I have had a letter by this morning's post from the Council of the Girl's High School Company. They have offered me a post as assistant mistress with a salary of £70 a year, at the High School at Penzance. Think of that, Clive! Was there ever such a chance, and at Penzance too, of all places in the world, where I could be near Cecilia Tremayne. Is it not enough to break one's heart!'

'But what is the matter, Lina? Why can't you accept the offer if you want to?' asked Clive, eagerly. 'It would be awfully jolly being in the same place with Cecilia.'

'Don't you see the absolute hopelessness

of it? Father and mother would never give their consent; no, not if the salary was three times as much; and you know I shall not be one-and-twenty until the first week in May, and of course they can't wait for me and keep the post open when there must be lots of other girls to take it. You see, they want somebody at once; the junior assistant mistress has gone home seriously ill. Oh, dear! life is hard; but it's no use thinking any more about it. After all, Clive, you are much worse off than I am; for if I wait patiently, holdiug the certificate I do, something else is sure to turn up for me.'

Clive shrugged his shoulders.

'Yes, it is a clear case of hope deferred for me. I wonder what has become of Mr. Tremayne. I have seen and heard

nothing of him for a fortnight. Ten to one he has never thought about my drawings again. I don't know that I ever seriously believed that he could do anything to help me. But one catches at a straw when one is desperate. And it is dreary work, Lina, seeing one's best years go by, and being as much adrift as regards one's future as ever.'

Clive walked to the window, and stood looking out into a grey February day, and there was a forlorn silence between the brother and sister.

When one is young, one is apt to grow desperate in one's eagerness, and to think that help must come speedily, if it is to be any help at all. The young feel much as the very old do; that their days are passing quickly, that they have but few of

them, and that they must needs make the very best they can of them while they last. It is in the spring as it is in the late autumn—every day works rapid changes, and has a special importance in its work of growth or of decay. But in the dusty, summer days of middle life time and nature seem to stand still awhile.

Clive suddenly turned round from the window, with a flush on his cheek and a light in his eye.

'Actually, here is Mr. Tremayne driving up to the gate—yes, that is his brougham, I know. I wonder, Lina—I wonder whether he has anything to tell me about my drawings?'

'I really think he must have some good news for you, Clive; he so seldom comes here just merely to call, you know;' Lina,

forgetting her own disappointment, was almost as excited as Clive.

Here Mrs. Marsden entered.

'I have just seen Mr. Tremayne's carriage coming up the garden. He very seldom takes the trouble to honour us with a visit,' she said, trying to be a little sarcastic, but inwardly flattered. 'I hurried in here to see if the room was tidy, for—what with your drawings, Clive, and your books, Lina—you litter every room in the house, and Mr. Tremayne is such a particular and fastidious old gentleman, I know.'

'I think you forget how Morwell Vicarage is littered with books and drawings, mother,' said Clive. 'Mr. Tremayne hates empty, swept, and garnished drawing-rooms, that look as though they

were never used—so *bourgeois*, he calls them——'

Here the Vicar of Morwell was announced. He came in, looking in somewhat brighter spirits than Clive had seen him for some time, though, undoubtedly, he had aged considerably during the past winter. He paid his respects to Mrs. Marsden, a lady for whom he had a considerable contempt, as having 'an essentially common mind.' But to-day he was especially attentive to her, for he had an especial reason for wishing to put her in a good humour.

After a while Mr. Tremayne said,

'I have a little bit of news for your son, Mrs. Marsden. You know I was in London last week, and I did not forget to take your portfolio of drawings with me;'

and he turned to Clive with his most benignant smile, while the boy grew very pale, with the sudden conviction that a crisis in his life was at hand. 'Well, I showed them first to an artist friend of mine, and he was very much struck with them, very much struck indeed—such perfect freshness and originality, those were his exact words, I think—so my own opinion was quite confirmed by a professional one, you see. We both agreed the best thing to be done was to let Ainslie and Martin see them—the house-decorators, you know, the people from whom I got wall-papers and other things when I had my house done up three years ago. I flattered myself I had some little influence with them. They looked at your designs, asked me a few questions about you, and

here is the result: they have sent me this letter for you. I thought I should like to have the pleasure of giving it you myself;' and, with an air of benevolent triumph, Mr. Tremayne handed a business-looking letter to Clive.

There was perfect silence whilst Clive read the letter to himself. His mother and sister, watching him with breathless interest, saw his face grow white to the lips.

Messrs. Ainslie and Martin wrote to offer to take Clive into their employment as designer, and would be willing to do so without a premium. At the end of two years, during which time he would be learning the technical and business part of the profession, they would offer him a small salary, to be increased

afterwards, if he continued to give satisfaction.

Clive seemed as though he could not breathe when he had read the letter. He just managed to gasp out the words, 'I can never thank you enough, Mr. Tremayne,' then he placed the letter in his mother's hands, and walked away to the window. There he stood with his back to the company, trying to calm himself, but his heart throbbed painfully, for any sudden excitement like this made him feel ready to faint.

Mrs. Marsden read the letter through, Lina looking over her shoulder as she did so. Then the mother, with a half pleased, half perplexed face, turned to Mr. Tremayne, and murmured,

'I am sure we are most grateful for all

the trouble you have kindly taken for my son.'

'No trouble at all, I assure you, Mrs. Marsden. Of course it is not exactly what we could wish for your son, it is a little too—what shall I say?—too commercial a kind of art; perhaps one would rather see him painting pictures. But my artist friend had a decided opinion as to the direction in which Clive's especial talent lay, and he told me if he could get employed by Ainslie and Martin he might consider his fortune made. So he must try to content himself with that; and, after all, raising the standard of popular taste, and bringing beauty into our homes and daily lives, is not a work to be despised;' and here Mr. Tremayne rose to take his departure.

'It is very kind of you,' said Mrs. Marsden, still with an embarrassed air; 'I must consult my husband before we can give a decided reply, you will see that.'

'Of course—of course, only may I venture to hint that the answer to Ainslie and Martin should not be too long delayed? I only wish I had the power of offering your son some other position as an alternative; but I assure you what influence I possessed is quite exhausted. I fear I should be at a loss to suggest any other kind of work for your son than this.'

('Don't expect anything more from me,' so Mrs. Marsden rightly interpreted the vicar's words.)

Clive came forward and wrung Mr. Tremayne's hand.

'I will try to thank you better another day,' he said, in a broken voice.

'I wish yon all success, my dear boy,' said Mr. Tremayne, very kindly; 'come and tell me when the matter is decided;' and then the Vicar of Morwell went away.

'Mother!' cried Lina, eagerly, as soon as the door had closed upon their visitor; 'go and see father at once, I know he is in his study. Don't keep Clive in suspense a moment longer than you can help; and oh, do, I implore you, do try your best to get him to consent!'

'I will do all I can, you may depend upon that, Lina. The offer is much too good a one to be lightly rejected. Still, Clive, considering your delicate health, and other reasons, I think it would be far better for you to remain at home for some

years to come. Mr. Tremayne would be sure to do something for you by-and-by.'

Clive's only answer to this was,

'Oh, mother, do go and talk to father!' in such a tone of agony, that the mother went without another word.

When she had left the room, Clive folded his arms on the table, hid his face on them, and clenched his hands in his hair. Lina came to his side, and laid her hand on his shoulder.

'Dear boy,' she said, softly, 'I am sure it will be all right. Father cannot refuse such a good offer.'

'Oh, Lina!' cried Clive, in a voice hoarse with suffering; 'don't talk of his refusing! It will be infinitely worse for me than it was for you this morning—you have only to wait a month or two, and you will get

something else you like; but for me, it will be simply ruin! I am only just nineteen, and I shall never get such a chance again! I don't believe I shall live through it—if he refuses to let me go;' and Clive started up, and began walking about the room, as if he were in pain he did not know how to bear.

Mr. Marsden sat in his study reading the *Guardian*. He would not allow himself the luxury of a fire that cold February day, so he sat in his great-coat, and looked pinched and sour. His wife entered with the letter in her hand.

'My dear,' she said, 'I have something important to tell you about Clive.'

Mr. Marsden took not the slightest notice of her, but went on reading. She took a chair by his side, and, after a

minute, spoke again in a slightly raised voice.

'Philip, I wish you would spare me a moment's attention. I want you to read this letter. It has a most important bearing on Clive's future welfare.'

'Importance and Clive seem to me two rather incompatible matters,' remarked Mr. Marsden, without lifting his eyes from the paper. 'But, whether the important business exists in your own imagination or not, it will have to wait until I have finished this article.'

Mrs. Marsden glanced at the *Guardian*, saw the words, 'Athanasius,' 'Arian heresy,' and resigned herself. She watched her husband's eyes so as to be able to guess when he had come to the end of the article; and it appeared to her that

he was reading at a snail's pace, as if to try her patience. She sighed as she thought how long the suspense must seem to the eager boy in the next room.

At last Mr. Marsden looked up with an exaggerated surprise.

'What, my dear, have you not gone yet?'

'You provoking man, I should like to shake you!' was the thought that passed through his wife's mind. But she never lost her temper with him, and although she was accustomed to maintain (in order to show hoped-for suitors what an example was set her daughters) that her husband's word was law to her, she nevertheless ruled him by her quiet, dogged persistence.

'I cannot go, Philip, until you have given your serious attention to this letter, and have decided what reply is to be made to it;' and here she laid the open letter over the sacred pages of the *Guardian*, right under her husband's eyes.

Mr. Marsden's curiosity was slightly aroused by his wife's perseverance, and he read the letter now without more ado. He smiled a little oddly when he had finished it, but he pushed it away from him without a word.

'Well, Philip!' exclaimed his wife, 'what do you say?'

'Well,' he drawled, 'what do you expect me to say? I cannot give an answer to a proposition like that without at least some days' consideration;' and he took up

the *Guardian* again as if to signify that the conversation was at an end.

'But, my dear, I must tell you that it is Mr. Tremayne's influence which has brought about this excellent offer for Clive, and he says the letter should be answered at once.'

'Then if I am to answer at once I shall say that the whole thing is absurd and impracticable. If we went to the expense of sending Clive to London, we should have him on our hands again in a week with a headache or a fainting fit, or some other of his womanish ailments.'

'Clive does not get ill when he is employed at work he really likes.'

'I am quite aware of that,' said his father, with bitter sarcasm.

'You know, Philip, you have often talked lately about trying to get Clive a situation as clerk in a merchant's office, you said it was all he was fit for. Well, you would find it the hardest matter in the world to get him even that, which we should consider quite *infra dig.* for our son—there are hundreds of applicants for every situation. Now, don't you see what an excellent opening this is for Clive? Mr. Tremayne said his fortune might be considered made if he got into Ainslie and Martin's office. While he will be nothing like as much expense to us as if he had gone to Oxford, and *that*, you know, is hopeless.'

Here Mr. Marsden gave a groan and rumpled his hair with both hands; but his wife went calmly on, setting before him

all the many advantages of the house-decorators' offer, until Mr. Marsden groaned again, and looked at his watch.

'Dear, dear, past four o'clock, how much precious time is wasted in this sort of chatter! And I had been hoping, after a morning's hard work in the parish, to get a few hours' reading this afternoon. Of course I cannot expect my family to have the slightest comprehension of a scholar's absolute need of a quiet hour or two for study. Well, send the boy here, and let us settle the matter without further waste of valuable time.'

Mrs. Marsden left the room tolerably satisfied; she knew her husband well enough to be pretty sure that he was going to yield. But she sighed a little, she would have liked to have kept her young-

est-born—the delicate one of the family——a little longer under her maternal wing.

She found Clive sitting by the fire, his hands supporting his throbbing head. She laid her hand on his shoulder.

'Go to your father in his study, Clive. I think it will be as you wish. But, whatever he says, don't lose your temper with him, there's a good boy.'

Clive jumped up without a word, and walked off to the study. Mr. Marsden was standing on the hearthrug with his back to the empty grate, the letter in his hand, and a sardonic smile on his face.

'So, Clive,' he began, in his most drawling tone, 'you are thinking of turning house-painter, or something of the kind, I

hear? Do you intend practising every branch of the profession, and may I some day have the pleasure of seeing you go up a ladder with a bucket of white-wash?'

Clive stood facing him in absolute silence. The boy might be physically weak, but no one who saw him as he was now—his white, sensitive face absolutely rigid in the determined control he kept over himself—could doubt his moral strength.

'You will present a striking contrast from what your father was at the same age. But there, I have given up all hope of making a scholar and a gentleman of you. You must go your own sordid way; only remember this, if you don't like this house-painter's work—or whatever it is—when you get to London, don't come whining

back to me at a week's end, and want me to bind you apprentice to some other trade, for I shall emphatically decline. No, you have chosen your own course, and you must stick to it, well or ill. Here, take your letter;' and he flung it at him. 'Now, let me hear no more about it. I wish to know none of the repulsive details, you and your mother must arrange all those. You can go.'

Clive picked up the letter from the floor, and said, in a hard, constrained voice as if forcing himself to say the words,

'Thank you, father.'

'Thank me! what for?' and Mr. Marsden gave a short laugh.

'What for, indeed?' echoed Clive, as he left the room.

Mr. Marsden gave a profound sigh of

relief as he turned to his *Guardian* again.

'Now I trust I may have a little peace for the rest of the afternoon.' He felt no regret, rather a secret gladness, that in a few days' time his only son would have left his home. He had taken a dislike to seeing about the house the tall, slender, pale-faced boy, with his somewhat drooping figure and languid ways, who was capable of neither masculine studies nor masculine sports, and who was no more a credit to his father than if he had been a girl.

For the next week the household at St. Stephen's Vicarage (always excluding the vicar himself) was in a state of bustle and excitement. Janet spent all her time in turning over Clive's wardrobe, darning old clothes, and marking new ones. Mrs.

Marsden was full of plans for her son's comfort; and it was arranged that he should board and lodge with some cousins of hers, the Miss Knights, who lived in a pretty little old-fashioned house at Hampstead—two cheerful, clever, kind-hearted women, whom Mrs. Marsden called old maids, and whom she held up to Lina as a fearful warning of what she would come to some day, if she did not take care.

'I only hope,' retorted Lina, 'that, when I am their age, I shall be anything like as bright and pleasant as the Miss Knights.'

Meanwhile Lina, bravely keeping silence about her own bitter disappointment respecting the Penzance High School, threw herself heart and soul into Clive's interests,

and was ever ready with sympathy when he talked to her about his hopes and ambitions. Perhaps, during this last week of his life at St. Stephen's Vicarage, Clive was the calmest as well as the most cheerful of the family party. Since his going to London had been finally settled, he had felt physically stronger than he had done for years past. There is no more powerful tonic than the fulfilment of long deferred hope—a tree of life, as Solomon calls it.

Clive dined once more with Mr. Tremayne. The Vicar of Morwell was full of sympathy with the boy's good fortune, and was a little inclined to be patronizing and self-complacent because of his own share in bringing it about. To play the part of Mæcenas would exactly have suited Reginald Tremayne.

As for Mr. Marsden, he maintained an obstinate silence, and tried to ignore the fact of his son's leaving home. He had indeed scarcely spoken to Clive for the last two months, when he had finally given up all attempts to force his son to study, and as Mr. Marsden had said, to 'make a scholar and a gentleman of him.'

When the last morning came, and the pony-carriage was at the door, waiting to convey him and his portmanteau to St. Stephen's railway-station, Clive, feeling that the occasion required a certain amount of moral courage, knocked at the door of his father's study, to bid him good-bye.

Entering, he found Mr. Marsden, with a pile of books on the table before him, writing next Sunday's sermon.

'Good-bye, father, I am just off to London,' said Clive, hurriedly.

'Good-bye, Clive,' replied the father, with his sardonic smile and languid drawl at their full perfection, 'and, if you *can* manage to remain in London for more than a week, I shall take it as a personal favour.'

For once Clive 'let himself go.'

'One thing you may depend upon, that I shall never return to your house unless you invite me as a guest. If I cannot live in London, I will die there.'

Mr. Marsden looked up with a sort of bitter amusement.

'Pray don't go into hysterics,' he was about to say; but Clive went out with a bang of the door.

It may be supposed how eagerly his

mother and sisters looked out for Clive's letters. They were everything that could satisfy them. Mr. Martin, the member of the firm with whom he had most dealings, was very civil, so he wrote—he had plenty to do and plenty to learn, most of it drudgery, but that he did not mind. For Clive had too much genius to object to drudgery for the sake of his art. It is a fair test as to whether a man or woman possesses the sacred fire—that he or she is ready and willing for the needful toil of raising fuel to feed that fire.

Clive went on to say that he found the Miss Knights very kind, and their little house charming, and he added not a word about his own health—a sure sign, remarked his mother, that he was fairly well.

Lina had not long to wait for the reward

of her patience and fidelity to her own vocation—that of teacher. In the following summer a post as assistant mistress was offered her, with an excellent salary, and, what she looked upon as especial good-fortune, at the High School in St. John's Wood, because there she should be in the neighbourhood of her brother. She wrote at once to accept the offer. When her letter was posted, she informed her mother of what she had done. Then a storm broke, before which Lina's brave spirit quailed a little.

Mrs. Marsden wept and raved, Janet wept and pleaded.

'You are ruining your prospects for life,' they shrieked.

'Not at all,' she replied. 'On the contrary, I should consider my prospects

ruined if I remained at home doing nothing.'

'You have thrown away one excellent chance of marriage!' sobbed Mrs. Marsden. 'You will be sure to have another if you will only remain at home. I can't think what you want!'

'I want more work and more freedom than I can get here. And as for marriage, it is nothing to me. Nothing would induce me to marry unless I fell in love with a man.'

'How improperly you talk! I quite blush for you!' said her mother, and so on, and so on, until Lina had little peace by day, or sleep by night, and she became almost ill with worry and vexation.

'You are losing all your good looks,' said Mrs. Marsden, spitefully. 'I always

said you were the kind of girl who would "go off" soon, and that if you did not marry young you would be sure to die an old maid.'

'If I do look ill, it is your fault for worrying me so, mother. You were kind enough about Clive's going to London.'

'Of course the two cases are totally different. Clive is a young man and ought to work.'

'And yet I have far more health and strength for work than he has, and I have just as much vocation for teaching as he has for art. Why try to force all girls into marriage? You don't wish to force all boys to go into the army.'

Mr. Marsden took a quite unexpected line. The idea of Lina becoming a governess, as he called it, filled him with

grim amusement, and he offered not the slightest opposition to her wishes.

'Let her go,' he replied, when his wife implored him, as her last resource, to denounce Lina with all the clerical and paternal anathemas he could compose for the occasion. 'Let her go, there will be one fewer useless mouth to feed. In my young days, a girl considered it a fearful calamity when she had to turn out of her home, and get her living by governessing. Let Lina do it, if she thinks it so delightful: I stipulate only, that she carries out her little farce in sober earnest. Not another penny will she ever receive from me when she has once left my roof.'

'Dear mamma,' said Janet, pathetically, 'I shall soon be the only child you have at home. I will never, *never* leave you!'

'No, I believe you never will!' was Mrs. Marsden's exasperated answer. It filled her bitter cup to overflowing, to have left on her hands the most dutiful, most docile, most devout, and the dullest of her daughters.

Lina went to London, and soon found as much satisfaction in her work as Clive did in his. And here I leave the brother and sister, much as the hero and heroine were left at the end of an old-fashioned novel. 'They were happy ever after.' The saying is quite as likely to be true of Lina and Clive, as it is of the brides and bridegrooms who marry in the last chapter of the third volume. 'Blessed is the man who has found his work,' says Carlyle, and I will add—the woman who has found her work is blessed also. Lina was blessed, as well as Clive.

One day near the end of that year, as Mrs. Marsden was toiling up the hill from St. Stephen's railway station, on her way home from Tavistock, she saw, at the entrance of the lane which led to Radford Farm, a little group, a young well-dressed lady, a nurse-maid, and a baby in a perambulator. As Mrs. Marsden neared them, the young lady snatched up the child in her arms, came forward a few steps, and said, in a small, and rather frightened voice,

'Mamma, do please look at my baby!'

Mrs. Marsden's maternal heart was melted—all thought of her sour High-Church vicar at home, and of the low, vulgar, schismatic tenant of Radford Farm, was forgotten. She saw only her eldest born, Harriet, comely, matronly, happy,

with a fat, staring, sturdy boy, two months old in her arms.

'Oh, Harriet, my dear girl,' she cried, 'I am so pleased to meet you again—and I have so longed to see your baby; give him to me;' and Mrs. Marsden kissed her daughter, and kissed the baby, and felt that all interest in life was not quite over for her, although she was left in the vicarage with only poor, dowdy Janet.

'My dear Harriet, it's no use annoying your papa, with all his strong views about schism, but I shall just come and see you and the baby sometimes, quietly, without saying anything about it at home. And are you tolerably comfortable, my poor dear?' she asked, pityingly. 'Certainly, you are looking remarkably well, and how nicely you are dressed.'

'Oh, I am so happy, mamma; as happy as ever I can be;' and then Harriet coloured, and looked appealingly at her mother. 'Do come and see Robert, too, as well as me and the baby—he is awfully good to me now, and so pleased with his little boy.'

'Well, if he is really kind to you——'

'Oh, he is—he is, indeed!' replied Harriet, eagerly.

'Perhaps, then, I will speak to him some day when I have an opportunity. But I shall never dare let your father know I have ever entered his doors.'

'Oh, come home with me now, mamma, please do—old Mrs. Wendron is gone out to a tea-meeting, which is so much the better—and I want to show you my house, and my dairy, and my poultry; you can't

think what a lot of things I have learnt to do—the days never seem long enough.'

Mrs. Marsden would never have taken the initiative of calling at Radford Farm, but she willingly yielded to her daughter's pleading. She had long felt much curiosity about Harriet's home, and her manner of life, and, above all, her baby; it was hard, thought Mrs. Marsden, that she should not be able to welcome her first grand-child, just because its father was a farmer and a Dissenter.

'The house is very plain and homely, of course,' said Harriet, as they entered the granite porch, 'but you can't think how comfortable it is; and we have some awfully nice old china, and the furniture is delightfully quaint and old-fashioned, just what Clive would admire so much;'

and so, with the pride of a Hezekiah, Harriet displayed all her treasures; and, unlike Hezekiah, no doom came upon her, but rather the blessing of the peace-maker's, when, by-and-by, Robert's heavy footstep was heard in the porch, and she whispered, eagerly,

'Mamma, there is my husband—you will speak to him kindly, won't you?'

Robert came into the parlour, then—with none of the abashed and apologetic airs that Mrs. Marsden expected from her low-born son-in-law—he stood silent, stern, unbending, in a truly Nonconformist attitude, until she held out to him the olive-branch—her hand.

'How do you do, Mr. Wendron? I am very pleased to make your acquaintance.'

She spoke a little stiffly, but not ungraciously, and Robert returned her greeting by cordially shaking her hand, and saying, in his bold and independent fashion,

'Better late than never, Mrs. Marsden. You are heartily welcome.'

Harriet begged her mother to remain to tea.

'I made the cake myself,' she said, proudly, 'and the butter too, think of that!'

'You don't know what a clever, handy woman your daughter has turned out,' said Robert, determined that Mrs. Marsden should know Harriet's exact position in the household. 'There's not a bit of a fine lady about her now, whatever there might have been when I first married her.

We are both of us wiser now, aren't we, Harriet, my dear?'

Harriet coloured vividly—a good many memories were called up by Robert's words, not all of them pleasant ones. But she was too happy to be much embarrassed, and she answered,

'Yes, indeed, mamma, I am a real farmer's wife now, and quite proud of it, too;' and she gave a loving glance across the table at her husband.

'And a future farmer's mother,' was Robert's reply, returning Harriet's look. 'You have seen our boy, Mrs. Marsden?'

'He is a fine little fellow,' replied the vicar's wife, who was beginning to feel that she was in a dream.

To be sitting at the lavishly spread table in the parlour of Radford Farm,

amicably talking with, and accepting the hospitality of, that low, disreputable Dissenter, who, to her shame and grief, had made himself her son-in-law! And the most bewildering part of it all was, that she could no longer detest and despise Robert Wendron as she had formerly felt it her duty to do.

Here in this warm, fire-lighted, picturesque room, with the substantial, old-fashioned furniture, and the tea-table laden with good things, she was forced to confess to herself that Harriet's lot, if a vulgar, was also a comfortable one, and, more than that, Harriet's husband was one of the finest-looking men she had ever seen, and, without making any pretence of being a gentleman, carried himself with an air that was proud, frank,

independent, and, she thought, almost noble.

'You will come again, mamma,' said Harriet, when at last Mrs. Marsden, with a little tremor as she thought of her vicar at home, rose to depart.

'Certainly I will, my dear. Really it is so dull at home now, with all the young people away—for I cannot call Janet young—that it will be quite a pleasant change to come and see you now and then in a quiet way—quite a quiet way,' she repeated, significantly.

'And bring Janet next time, mamma. Poor Janet!' said Harriet, compassionately.

For this was the lot of the dutiful daughter who slaved in the household and the parish, and who had but one ambition—to become a dutiful wife and mother, as

she had been brought up to be; this was her lot—to be sneered at by her parents, and to be pitied by her sisters.

'Come again by all means, Mrs. Marsden. We shall be always pleased to see you in our house,' were Robert's parting words, as he opened the door for the vicar's wife; and Mrs. Marsden, always a little bewildered by Robert's independence and Harriet's content, took her daughter and her son-in-law at their word, and was henceforward a not unfrequent visitor at Radford Farm.

## CHAPTER VII.

### BY THE 'PERISHABLE TRAIN.'

As that spring passed away, Cecilia Tremayne began to feel that the only hope for her mother and herself, if their life together was not to become intolerable, was to find some work, congenial to their tastes, which would absorb their energies, and would, moreover, make some addition to their narrow income.

It was evident that Mrs. Tremayne

sometimes found time hang heavily on her hands. She sighed a little as she talked of her beloved Westonville.

'I don't know how it was, the days used to go so quickly there. I was always as busy as a bee, so I guess that was the reason.'

She grew a little restless, too, especially when—as not unfrequently happens at Penzance—it rained for days together, and sea and land were wrapped in soft, warm vapour. One day she said, musingly,

'I suppose Mrs. Rivers has got another housekeeper long ago. I was very happy and comfortable with her, though she had a lot of company at the house and it was pretty hard work for me sometimes—still, I should never mind going back to her, if I could see you sometimes, my dear.'

Cecilia started; a sudden rush of bitterness overwhelmed her.

'Yes,' she thought, 'the time is near at hand when my mother will regret having left London and Mrs. Rivers, to live at Penzance with me. There she had plenty to interest her mind and employ her faculties—a position of responsibility and of some authority, a glimpse of the world and of society. But here—what have I to give her in exchange? have I not wronged her by tempting her away from a life she liked and was fitted for? I know, indeed, that she loves me, but—love is not enough.'

A certain re-action of feeling set in with Cecilia, a relaxation of her moral nerves and muscles, after their extreme tension. It had been quite possible to her to make

that tremendous effort of her life—the renunciation of her home, of all that made existence bright and enjoyable; it had been almost easy to do it, so upborne had she been for a time by her enthusiasm for justice to the weak, and by her abhorrence of the wrong done to her mother in the name of the law.

But it was *not* easy to carry out that renunciation in cold blood, to go on living day after day, in a narrow and monotonous routine, every day realising more vividly what she had lost, yet all the while knowing that at any moment it was possible to regain it. For she had but to give her uncle the promise he required of her, and with open arms he would welcome her back to his home, as if she were a returned prodigal.

Maurice O'Donovan, at their sorrowful parting, had sustained her with 'counsels of perfection,' with words that seemed to burn with noble and exalted feeling. He had made her believe that to sacrifice everything in order to atone to her mother, was not only dutiful, but heroic. But what was there heroic in the practical result of that sacrifice? what was there heroic in the spectacle of two women, living a dull life on a narrow income in seaside lodgings?

We may go through terrible surgical operations, the cutting off the right hand, the plucking out the right eye, bravely enough, if the senses are deadened by chloroform; but no chloroform is given us in the pain and fever which follow our awakening; and we have to bear, as best

we may, the long and weary process of the healing of our wounds.

Cecilia tried to arouse herself; she felt that the situation was growing full of peril. Her mother was weary of a life of idleness, yet she would never consent to part from Cecilia for ever, and let her return unfettered to Morwell Vicarage. Besides which, to do so, to accept her uncle's unrighteous terms, would be a bitter humiliation to Cecilia; it would be to confess that she was beaten; that, having sacrificed everything for her mother's sake, she had discovered that her mother was not worth the sacrifice; and that, on Mrs. Tremayne's side, she was willing to give up her newly-found daughter as a disappointment and a failure, and to promise never to see her again.

In this sore perplexity, an idea gradually dawned upon Cecilia, that there was work waiting at Penzance for anyone who had the skill, and enough of the spirit of enterprise to undertake it. She had observed with the surprise that everyone who has lived in less genial climates must feel—the quantities of flowers which luxuriated at Penzance throughout the winter, and the early date at which spring flowers began to bloom. And one day an odd notice at the railway station caught her attention, that the 'perishable train' started for London every day at noon. It did not sound an inviting train for passengers who cared for the safety of their lives and limbs; but the meaning of this singular advertisement was that a train daily conveyed to London 'perishable goods,' chiefly

fish and brocoli, the chief articles of commerce in that part of Mount's Bay.

Here therefore were the flowers, every year more and more an object of desire amongst the rich and fashionable people of the West-end of London; here were the means of transport, and here also was Mrs. Tremayne, wearying for something to do, with a respectable knowledge and an intense love of flower-culture.

Several times, in their daily walks in the beautiful neighbourhood of Penzance, Cecilia and her mother had passed a little house, hardly more than a cottage, standing amidst a large and neglected garden, with a notice-board 'To Let' at the gate, and Mrs. Tremayne had sighed.

'How I should like that little house! We might be so happy there, Cecilia; we

should always have something to interest us, if we had a garden like that.'

One day Cecilia revealed to her mother the scheme which for some time past had been maturing in her brain. They would rent this house, or a similar one; they would grow flowers for the London market, and despatch them thither by the 'perishable train.'

Mrs. Tremayne caught eagerly at the idea, but Cecilia proceeded cautiously to work, surveying all the difficulties and possible obstacles of the ground before her, as she moved onwards.

Mrs. Rivers was her great hope, and Kathleen proved herself equal to the occasion. She not only entered into Cecilia's enterprise with enthusiasm, but was full of solid and practical help.

'You know,' she wrote, 'I spend fabulous sums in flowers every year for the dinners and "at homes" I have to give. The florist with whom I deal must make a large profit from me and his other customers—a profit which is shared in quite a small degree by the actual producers of the flowers. Now send your flowers direct to me, Cecilia; it will be a benefit to both of us. I will engage to take a certain regular amount weekly, and I will try my best to induce my friends to do the same. This may not be sufficient custom to make your scheme pay; then you must fall back on the London shops, from which you will have smaller profits, but a probably larger demand.'

The little house to which Mrs. Tremayne had taken so great a fancy proved to be

exactly what they needed. It was about a mile from Penzance railway station, the rent was twenty pounds a year; there were four rooms on the ground-floor, and four above, two little sitting-rooms, and two kitchens below, over them two good bed-rooms, a servants'-room, and a lumber-room. There was nearly half-an-acre of garden, at present in a wild and uncared-for state, but with a most fertile and promising soil.

In the month of March following their first coming to Penzance, the mother and daughter took possession of this house, which the Methodist owner had named Hope Cottage. There followed a time of great interest and amusement to Cecilia, when her long-depressed spirits rose to their usual level. It was a delight to her

to furnish this little house; it taxed all her skill and taste to make it pretty and artistic, without exceeding the sum she and her mother could prudently spare for the purpose, and she had many difficulties to contend with in the far south-west, where modern ideas of house decoration have only just begun to penetrate. But she found some charming antique furniture while prowling about the by-ways of Falmouth, which she was able to buy at a low price, because public opinion in that town would have despised it as hopelessly 'old-fashioned.' And then, for ornamentation, there were always to be had cheap and pretty odds and ends from Japan.

Mrs. Tremayne left the arrangements of their house entirely in Cecilia's hands; she had still too much awe of her daugh-

ter's culture and good breeding to actively interfere with her, but she sighed to herself because she was not allowed a gilt looking-glass, and a cheffonier with marble top and plate-glass door in her drawing-room, and because she had to put up with coarse, dull-hued Scinde rugs instead of a Brussels carpet with an 'elegant pattern of roses.' And secretly she thought her friend Mrs. Bosustow's (truly lodging-house) taste was vastly superior to Cecilia's.

There are plenty of people like Mrs. Tremayne, with eyes awake to the beauty of Nature, who can honestly admire a good painting, and yet whose taste is hopelessly, vulgarly astray when they deal with simple matters of the house.

'How Clive Marsden would have helped

me and encouraged me!' thought Cecilia, regretfully. It was a little disheartening to feel that all her efforts to beautify her house met with no appreciative response from her mother, and that they gratified herself alone. 'Perhaps she will come to like them some day, and meantime I cannot debase myself by deliberately buying things I know to be bad in design, and worse in execution.'

After a year's trial of flower-growing, the Tremaynes found that by the sale of roses, carnations, arums, hyacinths, and the whole tribe of bulbous plants, they had gained enough money to pay their house-rent and taxes, and the whole cost of conveying their boxes and hampers of flowers to London. Not a very brilliant result, some people might think, but the

mother and daughter were thoroughly satisfied with the first profits of their experiment. They had proved it was possible for two women of 'limited means,' to make a substantial addition to their income by work that was pleasant and congenial to their taste, that was healthy, not sedentary, and that did not over-tax their strength.

And when, about a year after Cecilia had left Morwell, Mr. and Mrs. Rivers announced their intention of spending a week or two at the Queen's Hotel, Penzance, for the express purpose of seeing their friend in the home she had made for herself, Cecilia felt that that little home was one of which she had some reason to feel proud.

Hope Cottage stood surrounded by

meadows, facing a by-road, shaded by trees, which led to an old country-house further on, and to nowhere else. There was nothing pretentious about the cottage, but with its green venetian shutters, casement windows, and masses of climbing roses and honeysuckle, it had a simple beauty of its own. Indoors there was much refinement and quaint prettiness: delicate, spindle-legged tables, mahogany bureaus with brass ornamentation, corner cupboards fitted with blue Japanese china, and a few Japanese fans garnished the sitting-rooms. Everything in the bed-rooms looked fresh and new, deal-boarded floors with a few rugs, unvarnished deal furniture, muslin curtains, and white toilet china, made them as much like the bed-rooms in a Swiss pension as was possible.

The garden was more especially Mrs. Tremayne's kingdom, and she looked with triumph on her little forest of rose-trees, her grey expanse of carnation plants, her meadows of hyacinth and narcissus, which were not only delightful to the senses of sight and smell, but which were as dear to her as the 'pig which paid the rint,' is to the Irishman.

Mrs. Tremayne was a little embarrassed at meeting again Mr. and Mrs. Rivers under such very different circumstances. But their kindly tact, and the interest they took in her new home, and her new work, soon set her at her ease.

Eccleston Rivers, M.P., was a small-statured, grey-haired, gentle-voiced man of fifty, who held sunny views of life in his domestic world, and revolutionary ones in

the realm of politics. One of the chief articles of Mr. Rivers' faith was that every trade and profession ought to be thrown open to women, and Cecilia's experiment of flower-growing had from the first aroused his keenest interest and sympathy. He strolled round the garden with Mrs. Tremayne, examining her plants, asking hundreds of questions about gardening, listening with deep attention to her answers; he was a man who could throw his whole soul into a multitude of subjects, and who was always gathering up information of all sorts and kinds wherever he went; he always welcomed a new fact, and, what was still more remarkable in a middle-aged Englishman, he always welcomed a new idea.

Meantime Mrs. Rivers talked to Cecilia; she had many things to tell her which she

did not care to put into a letter, not knowing whose eyes might read it. It was evident that Kathleen's mind was more at ease than usual about her brother. After actively employing himself in helping to establish branches of the Land League, and in the work of organizing the Irish in England generally, Maurice O'Donovan had gone to America for a few months' visit, and Mrs. Rivers was for a time relieved from her ever haunting dread that some day he would consider it his duty to return to Ireland.

'And we know what would probably be the end of that, Cecilia,' she said, a look of pain contracting her forehead. 'If he can steadily face the prospect of returning to penal servitude, how can I face it for him? With all the happiness

it is to have him with me, I could almost wish that he would make his home in America for the next few years.'

Maurice was to Kathleen the most vivid interest of her life, he was her joy, her pride, and at the same time her never-ceasing care, anxiety, and trouble. It was to her husband that she owed all her peace and placid happiness. Mr. Rivers believed in the absolute equality of man and wife in the married state. With his perfect temper and his clear intellect, he successfully carried out his theory in every-day, practical life, and still showed his wife of more than seven years' standing the courtesy and consideration of a lover. There was between them that peculiarly devoted love which seems to belong almost exclusively to childless couples.

These were the brightest days Cecilia had known since she had left Morwell Vicarage. It was complete happiness to have the companionship of the two friends with whom she had the most thorough sympathy and understanding. Mr. Rivers had always had a great admiration for Cecilia; next to his wife, he was accustomed to say, he considered her the noblest woman of his acquaintance. But the woeful day of parting must come at last. Kathleen's heart was wrung by Cecilia's extreme dejection the last evening before Mr. and Mrs. Rivers left Penzance.

'You cannot imagine the loneliness of my life here, Kathleen. I don't know how I am going to live when you have gone away again.'

'Dearest Cecilia, indeed I can under-

stand it. I know how lonely you must feel, but you are not lonely in reality; your life seems dull and prosaic to you, but you have on your side all sweet and noble influences—everything that makes the world better, and for companions you have the noble army of martyrs, for you are a martyr, Cecilia, as well as Maurice.'

'Ah! Kathleen,' Cecilia smiled faintly, 'your words ought to inspire me; but, after all, what am I? no exalted person at all, only an old maid of limited means, struggling to earn a little money by selling flowers.'

'I know what my husband would reply to you,'—Mrs. Rivers tried to answer cheerfully—'he would say that to establish a fresh industry for women, a fresh means for them to earn money, would be quite

enough to make a life worth living. Yours is a nature too wide and sympathetic, for you to be able to be unhappy for any length of time.'

And Kathleen remembered how some writer has compared a vigorous and noble soul to a ship with water-tight compartments. Disaster may befall part of the vessel, she may even spring a leak; but she will not founder, for the rest of her is sound. So it is with those who have large sympathies and wide-spreading interests. Fate may deal crushing blows to their affections or their pride, but so much of life is left to them that they rally; and somewhat shattered though they may be, yet still afloat, still obeying the helmsman, they hold on their course steadily, until port is reached.

On their way homewards, the husband and wife spent a couple of days at Exeter, in order to visit a relation of Mr. Rivers. When afterwards they were at the railway-station, waiting for the express to take them to Paddington, they suddenly came upon the Rev. Reginald Tremayne at the bookstall, choosing a yellow-backed novel to amuse him on his journey home to Morwell.

He started slightly on seeing Mrs. Rivers, and his greeting was a little cold and constrained. He could not forgive her for knowing his family secret, or for having been the unwitting means of bringing his brother's disastrous widow to Morwell. On her side, Kathleen felt somewhat conscious and embarrassed, for this was the first time she had seen Mr. Tremayne

since he and his niece had parted, apparently for ever.

But Mr. Rivers boldly 'grasped the nettle.'

'We have been spending the last fortnight at Penzance, Mr. Tremayne; and we have seen a great deal of your niece, Cecilia. I went down there rather ailing. I had never got thoroughly rested after the hard work and late hours of last session; but I declare to you that what has invigorated me more than the sea air, has been the sight of that young woman, who is as beautiful in mind as she is in face, toiling nobly, patiently, to make life a little brighter for her mother and herself, and I hope also for other women who may join them, or succeed them, in their work.'

'I don't think I clearly understand you,'

replied Mr. Tremayne, in a freezing tone. 'I was not aware that there was the slightest need for my niece to toil.'

'No actual need, certainly; she and her mother have enough to live upon in a narrow, stinted sort of way. But that does not content Cecilia; she thinks just as I do, that if instead of being poor and idle, struggling to keep up a miserable, squalid pretence of gentility, women were to work hard and earn money, they would be much happier and more respected. This is what your niece is doing, Mr. Tremayne;' and caring nothing that the vicar recoiled from him, as if he was unfolding a tale that was horrible and loathsome, Mr. Rivers went on to describe Cecilia's successful experiment.

'She sells most of her flowers to a

florist in London, but my wife and some of her friends have them sent to them direct, and I believe Cecilia has also a few customers in Penzance. Yes, I think it will turn out an excellent speculation.'

It was too much—the words 'buying, selling, customers,' turned Reginald Tremayne sick. He raised his hat abruptly.

'I must bid you good morning now. My train is due, and I have to cross the line.'

He travelled back to Morwell in a state of wrath and disgust which prevented his having any enjoyment of his 'yellow-back.' This was the first time that the grand old name of Tremayne had been polluted by any connection with trade. He was not sure that Cecilia had not disgraced the family even more than her father had

done. For at least his *mésalliance* might be to a certain extent hushed up and forgotten, whereas the very essence of Cecilia's offence was its publicity; commercial transactions cannot be carried on in the dark.

'How the taint in Cecilia's blood—which seemed so absolutely non-existent when she lived in my house—has shown itself at last! I might have known that the result of my brother's disgraceful marriage would be revealed sooner or later. But now—she is dead to me. I have done with Cecilia for ever. If she were to come back to me now, I would not receive her, or own her as a Tremayne.'

And then the vicar was ready to curse himself for his folly in having, nearly thirty years ago, taken Cecilia from

her mother and brought her up as his own child. What had he gained by it now? how futile had been all his endeavours to save the family honour! Not only frailty, but black ingratitude—'thy name is woman!'

Well, he would pluck the very remembrance of her out of his heart—this woman whom he had loved as if she were his own daughter. All over now were the faint, half-acknowledged hopes that some day Cecilia would return to him, would submit to the sole terms he imposed upon her, and all would be again as though she had never discovered her degraded mother.

His indignation was like renewed energy to the old man, and, directly after he returned to his home, he began to seriously put into execution a plan he had

sometimes of late meditated upon. He discharged several of his servants; he sold Cecilia's horse and a saddle-horse of his own; he shut up most of the rooms at Morwell Vicarage, and placed the house in charge of his old gardener and his wife; he engaged a sickly, needy clergyman, who lived at Tavistock, and who was in too bad health to undertake regular parish work, to have a service or two at Morwell church every Sunday during his absence, and he departed to London, with a couple of servants and his horse and brougham. He would take a flat somewhere near the Park; he had belonged for years to an excellent club, and now he was free from all family ties he determined to live a pleasant, social life in town for a part of every year.

And so Cecilia, whose example Mr. Rivers declared had inspired and invigorated him, was the cause of a distinct lowering in her uncle's sense of duty and moral tone generally. The old saying is a true one: 'a savour of life, unto life,' may be also 'a savour of death, unto death.'

# CHAPTER VIII.

## NOT IN VAIN.

Some time has passed, and we have now come to the winter of 1881, the time when Mr. Forster's reign of terror in Ireland was at its height, and when one of the most shameful pages in English history was written.

The campaign had been inaugurated by Mr. Gladstone's famous speech at Leeds, when the Prime Minister unfurled

that black flag which he called the 'resources of civilization,' and which he intended as a counter-demonstration to the magnificent reception given to Mr. Parnell in Dublin just before.

A week later the storm burst.* The leading Irish members of Parliament were arrested; and throughout the 'sister country' town-councillors, poor-law guardians, professional men, merchants, all those who were most trusted and respected by the people were thrown into prison without charge or inquiry, upon *lettres de cachet* issued at the suggestion of some landlord or police inspector. All constitutional rights were suspended; a raid was made upon newspapers obnoxious to the

* Vide the daily press from October, 1881, to May, 1882.

Government; public meetings were dispersed by armed police, who shot and bayoneted women and children; detectives dogged the footsteps of everyone suspected of sympathy with the people; private letters were opened and confiscated in the post-office, and charitable ladies, who collected money for the starving evicted tenants, were imprisoned—by the aid of obsolete statutes—as disreputable characters.

'The prisoners were arrested and imprisoned without due legal process, were in vast proportion not tried at all; when they were tried, were tried largely by exceptional, not regular, tribunals. When they were condemned, they were condemned not by the free verdict of a popular body, but by sentences of judges dependent

on the Government for their bread, on a Government, moreover, of which the title rested on a flagrant breach of the most solemn oaths, and of the written legal constitution of the country.'

These are the words written by Mr. Gladstone respecting what happened in Naples during the reign of King Bomba. Nothing could better describe the state of Ireland under his own *régime*. And whilst I write, another leader of the Liberal party has thus spoken to an English audience :*

'I do not believe that the great majority of Englishmen have the slightest conception of the system under which this free nation attempts to rule the sister country.

* Mr. Chamberlain, June, 1885.

It is a system which is founded on the bayonets of thirty thousand soldiers encamped permanently as in a hostile country. It is a system as completely centralised and bureaucratic as that with which Russia governs Poland, or as that which prevailed in Venice under the Austrian rule. An Irishman at this moment cannot move a step—he cannot lift a finger in any parochial, municipal, or educational work—without being confronted with, interfered with, controlled by an English official, appointed by a foreign Government, and without a shade or shadow of representative authority.'

Those were dark days for Cecilia Tremayne, far away at Penzance, without a single friend or acquaintance near her who had any sympathy with Ireland. All her

life she had had a passionate hatred of oppression, a passionate longing to free the oppressed; and now her whole soul burned with rage and shame that her own country, with all its glorious traditions, should play the part of tyrant. It was better to be one of the down-trodden than one of the despots; better now to be Irish and in prison, than to be English and free.

But it was useless to utter any of the thoughts which whirled through her brain. She had only one relief, writing to Kathleen Rivers; and both her letters and her friend's replies were necessarily worded with some caution and reticence. The letters of Irish men and women, and their English sympathisers, were what used to be called, 'Grahamized,' in the days

when Englishmen took the part of another oppressed nationality—Italy. That is to say, these letters were opened in the post-office, and read by government detectives.

Surrounded by silence as Cecilia was, a lonely spectator of the whirlwind of passion, excitement, and terror raging afar off, but of which she knew little beyond what she read in the newspapers, she was reminded of what had happened when, some years ago, she had been visiting a friend who lived on one of the hills which encircled the city of Bath. One night a great fire had broken out, and Cecilia, watching breathlessly the columns of flame and lurid smoke, which rose as from a furnace, had noticed, with a strange awe, that not a sound was to be heard—all

seemed the silence of death around the burning houses. For the wind, blowing from that side of the city on which she stood, had carried away from her the shouts and murmurs of the crowd who thronged the streets, and the throbbing of the fire-engines, and the crash of falling walls and roofs.

One anxiety she was spared. For the present, Maurice O'Donovan was safe. A few weeks before the storm of English wrath had burst, he, in company with an Irish member of Parliament, and at the request of the founders of the Land League, had gone to America again, this time on a mission to raise funds for the tenants who were being evicted all over Ireland, and who, some of them, were starving and dying by the roadside. And

there Maurice remained throughout that winter—sorely against his will, Cecilia felt certain. But he was a man who was accustomed to keep his personal wishes in abeyance, and who had a strong belief in the necessity of discipline and obedience to orders amongst the rank and file—one of which he considered himself to be—of any political organization; and he was entirely loyal to their leader.

It was during this fateful time that Cecilia, through a casual mention in one of Mrs. Rivers' letters, first learnt that a small Irish colony lived in the mining district of Cardinham, a short railway journey from Penzance. With thankfulness that here at last was some way open to her in which she could show her sympathy in this—one of Ireland's many

dark days, she often spent a leisure afternoon in making friends with the women of the colony; the wives and mothers of the Irish miners. They lived in rows of cottages amidst the great wheels, and sheds, and chimneys of a copper mine; a dusty, arid land, as great a contrast to their own green country as can be imagined. These cottages, in point of comfort, compared not unfavourably with those of their Cornish fellow-workmen; in fact, they were hardly to be distinguished, except by a coloured print of the Blessed Virgin or Saint Patrick hanging on the wall, or an image or a crucifix on a shelf.

About a mile from the mine was a Roman Catholic church, a grey and simple building of granite. Hard by it was the

house of the Irish priest, with a pretty garden in front, full of roses in summer, and a little conservatory, bright with geraniums all the year round.

Here lived the Reverend Laurence McHale, spiritual ruler over the scattered Catholic population of a wide district, stretching from St. Agnes' Beacon to the Lizard. He was a man in the prime of life, with a powerful, genial face, and an air of overflowing health, energy, and high spirits. He had distinguished himself at Maynooth, and so, young as he was, he had been appointed to an important, and, as it afterwards proved to be, a dangerous post. As for his political opinions, he was as ardent a Nationalist as Archbishop Croke, and this alone would have endeared him to the Irish colony of Cardinham,

over whom he reigned as a benevolent despot, kindly, sympathetic, imperious; whilst the English Roman Catholics in his district regarded him with that peculiar sourness and suspicion which they are in the habit of showing their co-religionists of the sister island.

One day Cecilia Tremayne had met Father McHale in a cottage, and she had introduced herself to him, somewhat shyly, as befitted an Englishwoman, and a double-dyed heretic as she was. But her mere mention of Mrs. Rivers' name, and the names of one or two well-known Irishmen whom Cecilia had met at her house in London, was a sufficient passport, and Father McHale gave her the most hearty and hospitable welcome.

Sympathy with the Irish national cause

Cecilia found an 'open sesame' to the hearts of both priest and people. These newly-made acquaintances at Cardinham were far more responsive to her than Maurice O'Donovan had ever been. Perhaps as the people of this Irish colony had lived for some years in England, the sufferings of their country had by degrees become to them a matter of faith rather than of sight. Certainly to the Irishman who has made his home in England, as well as to the Englishman who has done the same in Ireland, there generally comes a better understanding of the people around him, and more or less of a liking for them.

This then became the most vivid interest in Cecilia's monotonous and lonely life—to spend a few hours at Cardinham, to read

*United Ireland* aloud to some old people, to look in at the school-room, where the Irish mistress taught the history of their country to the bright-eyed, keen-witted children, to hear their youthful voices sing 'God save Ireland,' to have a few minutes talk with the priest about the tragic and heart-stirring events of the day, in his scholarly little sitting-room, full of books and newspapers, flowers and engravings.

Meantime Mrs. Tremayne was bewildered; she even became a little jealous. She felt once more, what she had by degrees almost forgotten, that Cecilia lived in a widely-separated world from her own, and had interests, aims, opinions, which made the mother feel that the daughter was further apart from her than was her friend Mrs. Bosustow.

'Do you think, Cecilia,' Mrs. Tremayne began, rather timidly, 'that you are quite wise in having any acquaintance with a Roman Catholic priest? They are such clever, dangerous sort of people. Certainly I have never seen in you any leaning towards Popish errors, but you may get converted without knowing it, I guess.'

Cecilia smiled a little bitterly.

'I am afraid, mother, I should only make matters worse if I told you what I really believe—that there is no logical resting-place between Rome and Rationalism.'

Mrs. Tremayne looked bewildered, and Cecilia went on, with that sort of desperation which sometimes seizes us when we know it is impossible to make ourselves understood.

'They say that we are entirely changed every seven years—that is to say, every particle of flesh and blood and bone in us will be different this day seven years from what it is now. Well, I could not become a Roman Catholic before seven years from this date, so that it is a long time to look forward to; and rest content, meantime, mother, that what Father McHale and I talk about are politics, and not religion.'

'Still he is a priest,' said Mrs. Tremayne, thoroughly mystified by her daughter's explanation.

'Yes, and I like a priest to be a priest. If such people are to exist, let them be real and genuine, with magnificent traditions, and a grand old historic pedigree, unadulterated by any Anglican make-believes.' Then Cecilia added, with a sud-

den gravity which over-awed Mrs. Tremayne, 'Remember, mother, I have given up my friends at Morwell; I cannot also give up my friends at Cardinham.'

The mother and daughter were sauntering up and down the esplanade one evening in the early spring of 1882. Often, when their day's work was done, they would leave their tree and flower-surrounded cottage to walk by the sea-shore, to breathe the fresh salt air, to look upon the wide expanse of the bay.

'Tell me, mother,' said Cecilia—a sharp pang had contracted her heart as she remembered all that she had given up, and wondered if the sacrifice had been of any avail—'tell me, does your life here give you any happiness?—do you ever regret having left Mrs. Rivers' house?'

'Why, my dear child,' cried Mrs. Tremayne, 'I am as happy as the day is long. What could I want that I haven't got? A dear, sweet daughter like yourself, work to do that is just what I like—I should never have been happy in idleness, I should never have made a fine lady, I guess—and a kind friend like Mrs. Bosustow and one or two others—well, what with one thing and another, I am happy here as I was at Westonville, and I can't say more than that, can I? And as for Mrs. Rivers, she was the kindest mistress in the world; but I am my own mistress now, and that is better still; and it's all owing to you, dear, that I am so happy, for I should never have had the courage to go into the flower-growing business by myself, I guess; and now, you see, it is

paying better than ever, and I have got the work so under my hand, as I may say, that you can go and visit your friends when you want a little holiday; I can manage it by myself when you are away.'

Mrs. Tremayne paused to take breath, and Cecilia laid her hand affectionately on her mother's arm, and said,

'And have I, ever so little, made up to you, for all you suffered on my account when I was a child?'

'To be sure you have, my dear, over and over again. Oughtn't I to be proud and happy to have such a daughter—and me only a poor servant? and you are a great deal more to me than I could ever have thought you would have been, you're a real, kind daughter, as well as an elegant lady.'

Cecilia answered, softly,

'I am very glad, mother;' and then she thought, 'After all, I have not lived wholly in vain, I have given my mother happiness, though I have so little myself. I have atoned to her for the wrong which was done her, I have borne the penalty on my own head.'

Mrs. Tremayne left her for a minute, to call at 25, Marine Terrace, and to return a borrowed novel to Mrs. Bosustow. Cecilia paced slowly along the deserted promenade. The newly-risen moon shed a mellow lustre on the tranquil sea, on the long stretch of wet and shining sands left bare by the ebbing tide. The shores of the bay slept softly dark, a light glimmered here and there from an anchored vessel; all was hushed, wind and waves, and the tumult and hurry of life.

It was Cecilia's last night at Penzance, though she little knew it. She looked at the long line of tremulous gold beneath the moon, it seemed so like a blessed pathway from this weary, woeful world to 'seas of heavenly rest.' Soon she would be forgotten, soon the life whose brightness she had sacrificed that she might right a wrong would be over; and her unreciprocated love, her futile ambitions, her defeated hopes of playing a part in the great struggle which she watched afar off from day to day—all would be as the dust of death. But somewhere in the universe there was peace—yes, 'abundant peace so long as the moon endureth.'

There arose in her that wild wish which is in the heart of so many tired and careworn human beings, but which the long

accumulated force of religious beliefs, of social bonds, forbids the parched and weary lips to utter: 'Give us rest—the eternal rest of ceasing to be! And not upon us lay the intolerable burden of immortality!'

## CHAPTER IX.

### FOR IRELAND.

The following morning, when Cecilia unfolded the *Western Morning News*, which always arrived at breakfast time, these words amongst the telegrams pierced her like a bullet:

'Arrest of Maurice O'Donovan, the notorious Fenian.'

She stood staring at the paper, in that utter incredulity with which nature breaks

to us the force of every crushing blow. Then she turned cold and sick, a sound of rushing water was in her ears—the paper dropped from her hands, but with a violent effort she forced herself to take it up again, and to read the whole paragraph.

'Maurice O'Donovan, who some time since was released from Dartmoor prison on a ticket-of-leave, was arrested last night at Liverpool, a few days after he had landed from New York, on the charge of having neglected to observe the conditions on which his ticket-of-leave was granted. He will probably be sent back to Dartmoor to serve the unexpired remainder of his sentence.'

Cecilia turned over the newspaper, to see if she could find any other mention

of Maurice O'Donovan's name. But she discovered nothing, except a short leading article—a savage howl of joy over the arrest of the 'notorious Fenian and Land Leaguer.'

The post had brought Cecilia a copy of the last number of the Dublin *Nation*. In it she found an account of a great meeting of Irishmen at Liverpool, at which Maurice had been one of the speakers, the day after his landing from America. And the *Nation* had given a verbatim report of his speech, an eloquent appeal to his countrymen.

'Courage! Steadiness! Perseverance! No passion, no panic, but unflinching determination. These should now be the watchwords of the Irish people.

'For every generation of Irishmen born

under English rule there comes a critical moment, a time of trial; their behaviour in which shapes the fortunes of their country for many years.

'Such a time is now upon us. The testing hour has come for the generation that to-day tread the soil of Ireland.

'They have to show whether the spirit of patriotism, of daring, of sacrifice, and all the high qualities that prove a people fit for freedom, exist among them.

'They have to show a firm front to the enemy, to preserve unbroken their national union, to love each other like brothers, and to be ready, every man, to fill up any gap that may be made in the ranks.

'So organised, so united, so determined, if they act on the lines of Irish patriotism, with which they are familiar, they will be

invincible. A time of trial, and sacrifice, and suffering they may have, but they will come out of it with honour, and they will gain for their country advantages which cannot be taken from her, and a glory which will never fade.'

Afterwards, he said, with some bitterness,

'We have of late been hearing much of the new-born sympathy in England with the sufferings of Ireland, and of the desire of Englishmen to make amends for those sufferings; but now, when the time has come to test the value of that sympathy and that desire, we see that both are as unsubstantial as a dream.'

Then he quoted the lines of the poet-daughter of Smith O'Brien—

'For 'tis better, oh! 'tis better, that we suffer from our own,
Though the cloud of anger lours,
Thou, our country! still art ours—
Still art ours, though brothers hate us—
Still art ours, though death await us—
Now we trust our own men—our own men alone.'

How those last words went to Cecilia's heart! There breathed in them the very spirit with which Maurice had always met the sympathy she offered for his national cause.

This, then, was all she knew—that, the day after he had made that speech at Liverpool, he had been arrested, and sent back to penal servitude. There was no word from Kathleen Rivers; in fact, there had not yet been time for Cecilia to receive a letter from her since her brother's arrest.

Sick, bewildered, racked with pain that seemed physical, Cecilia tried to greet her mother as usual, when she came down to breakfast, even to listen to her as she talked. But the effort was too much for her.

'My dear, what is the matter? How ill you look this morning!' cried Mrs. Tremayne, dismayed at Cecilia's white face of anguish.

'I have had bad news about—about a friend,' she answered, in a broken voice. 'I am not ill.'

Mrs. Tremayne was comforted. So long as there was nothing the matter with Cecilia herself, little else signified.

After breakfast Cecilia said, abruptly,

'Mother, I must go to Cardinham this

morning; I must see Father McHale. Don't wait for me.'

'Oh, my dear! and there are all those hyacinths and arum lilies to cut and pack for Mrs. Rivers' dinner-party to-morrow!'

'Mrs. Rivers' dinner-party!' Cecilia gave a little wild laugh. 'Mrs. Rivers will not want them now. Her brother has been sent to prison.'

Cecilia left the room without another word, leaving her mother speechless with horror and amazement. To think that Mrs. Rivers' brother—to think that any gentleman she had known—should be sent to prison! What could he have done? She knew nothing of the antecedents of Mr. O'Donovan, whom she had often waited upon at Morwell Lodge, but supposed only that they were much the same as

those of any other gentleman. And why should Cecilia want to go to Cardinham this morning of all others? It was most unlike her to neglect her work to go pleasuring.

But no gentle expostulation, no hints that other people in London were expecting boxes of flowers to-morrow morning, if Mrs. Rivers did not, availed Mrs. Tremayne now. Cecilia was like one whom a dreadful flash of lightning had stunned, deafened, and half-blinded.

'It is no use, mother; go to Cardinham I must. I cannot care about anything else just now;' and so, with a look on her white, set face that her mother never forgot, Cecilia departed to Penzance railway station.

She had no exact purpose in thus be-

taking herself to the Irish colony. There was nothing she could do, there was nothing anyone could do, to help Maurice O'Donovan now. But her supreme need of meeting some one who believed as Maurice did, some one who thought and suffered somewhat as she herself did, with whom she could exchange words of sympathy in this dark hour, drove her irresistibly to seek Father McHale.

'I *must* see him,' she thought, 'I shall go mad if I have to keep silence to-day.'

But when she alighted from the train at Cardinham, such a sick shuddering seized upon her that she felt she could not face the priest until she had had a few moments in which to calm herself. The little Catholic church was but a stone's throw from the railway-station, the church

door stood open as usual; she went into the dim twilight within, knelt down and rested her trembling forehead on the back of one of the seats.

Her whole soul went forth in one wild cry.

'Oh, Maurice—Maurice—would to God I could die for you! Oh, that my useless life could be taken, and you—you, my hero, my love, could be given back to your country—your country which is in such sore need of you!'

She never knew how long she had knelt there, but presently there were firm footsteps coming down the aisle of the church, and a voice, which at the first moment she did not recognise, for it was changed and somewhat harsh with strong excitement—a voice cried,

'Miss Tremayne, you here! Let me beg you to go back to Penzance immediately, there is a train in ten minutes' time. Go back at once, while you can.'

'What is it, Father McHale?' Cecilia raised herself, and glanced with a dull surprise at the priest's face; pale and stern it looked, with all the geniality fled, and fire flashing from his eyes.

'You have not heard, then? No, or of course you would not have remained here. The whole town is in an uproar. Two days ago, Tim Molloy quarrelled with and beat a Cornishman—I am not denying Tim was most in fault, drunken rascal that he is—well, he has been taken up by the police, and the magistrates are trying him at this very minute; but all the Cornishmen at the mines here swear that if the magis-

trates let him off lightly they will have some Irishman's blood for it. Anyhow, they say they will wreck our church and every Irishman's house in the place. I have warned our people, and all that can get away are running to the moor for their lives, and now this is my post, and I must defend the church as well as one man can; the police seem powerless. So you see, Miss Tremayne, you are not safe here; and now go back to the railway-station without a moment's loss of time.'

'No,' answered Cecilia, a strange passion lighting up her face, 'if my countrymen, my fellow-Cornishmen are going to disgrace themselves, all the more reason that I should remain here, to do what I can for your people. I will go up to the cottages

at the mine at once, to see if they have all got away safely.'

'They can't, all of them, get away, that is certain. There is Pat Daly, now—the Cornishmen are ready to kill him, because they say he, as well as Molloy, set upon the Cornishman; but that I'll not believe. Anyhow, I bade him go and hide himself, though he had to leave his wife and children at home. Sure, the Cornishmen will never hurt a woman with her baby only two days old, and a little crippled girl.'

'I will go to them at once,' answered Cecilia, her resolution taken.

'Go, then, in God's name,' said the priest, 'it may be that He sent you here to-day, and I'll not hinder you, Miss Tremayne; I know how your brave heart has longed to do something for our people.

You will not be molested on the road, the miners are all round the town-hall now, waiting to hear the magistrates' decision. Go, and may all the saints defend you!'

Father McHale held out his hand, and met Cecilia's in one solemn clasp. She hurried out of the doomed church; she heard the door shut, and the key turned behind her. Then the priest, one man against hundreds, went up the altar steps, and knelt in silent prayer.

Out of doors was a cold, clear April day; a keen wind blew from the east, the furze bushes were a mass of golden bloom against the bright, blue sky; a lark sometimes mounted with a brief burst of song. There was as yet no menace of the coming struggle, no human being was in view, as Cecilia hastened up the dusty road which

led to the mine. Once or twice she paused, looked back towards the town, and listened with beating heart. But the wind blew away from her whatever sound of distant tumult there might have been, and Cecilia went on again at her utmost speed, until there rose before her the gaunt wheels and sheds of the mine, to-day all idle and deserted.

The cottages of the Irish miners were most of them shut up and empty; the owners had locked their doors and fled to the granite hills which rise above the town of Cardinham. Men, women, and children leaving their homes and their little household property to the mercy of their Cornish enemies, slept that night and the next on the bare ground that bitter April weather.

But round one or two doorways stood those who had been left behind—non-combatants in very truth. An old woman, nearly blind, with a shawl over her head, and an old man whose joints were stiff with rheumatism, peered forth from their thresholds, trembling, fearing they knew not what, for all was silent, all seemed at peace in the spring sunshine.

Cecilia, almost breathless with excitement and with the rapid pace at which she had come, managed to give them a cheery greeting.

'Don't be frightened; we don't know that the men are coming, and, if they do, I am sure they won't hurt you. Now go indoors and sit by the fire, there's a good soul; this cold wind is very bad for your rheumatism.'

With feeble, quavering voices the old people began telling Miss Tremayne how their sons and grandsons had fled to the moor to save their lives, and then the old woman sat down by the peat-fire, and began rocking herself to and fro with an Irish lament. Hard indeed it seemed to have left these feeble folk defenceless, yet Cecilia could not but see the wisdom of the bread-winners of the different families —against whom all the wrath of the Cornishmen was directed—escaping when they could, hopelessly out-numbered as they were.

She went on to the house which was most in peril—that of Pat Daly. She pushed the door open, there was no one in the little kitchen; she ascended the steep and narrow staircase, and softly

entered the room above. There, on a rickety wooden bedstead, her deadly-white face turned to the wall and half hidden by the patchwork counterpane, lay a young woman, a baby two days old clasped to her bosom. Huddled against the wall, her eyes and mouth wide open, half dazed with terror, was a little girl, crippled from her birth. These were the wife and children of Pat Daly, the man whose blood the Cornishmen had sworn to have.

Cecilia's heart was wrung at this piteous sight, and she did her best to comfort Mrs. Daly, though it was hard to inspire her with a confidence which she hardly felt herself.

'Father McHale thinks your husband is quite safe, and that you and the children have nothing to fear.'

Mrs. Daly revived a little at hearing Cecilia's tenderly-spoken words.

'Sure, the Holy Virgin herself has sent you to me, dear lady.'

But Cecilia found it impossible to remain long with Mrs. Daly, for the window of the bed-room looked towards the moor, and she must fix her eyes on the road leading from the town. So, promising she would go no further away than the doorway of the house, she went downstairs and stood waiting, listening, watching the long stretch of empty, dusty road.

There was something very terrible in this suspense, like the breathless stillness before the thunderstorm. What was going on in the town of Cardinham, a mile away? Were the mob dispersing, their

fury appeased by a severe sentence passed upon Tim Molloy, the original sinner? were they attacking the church? was Father McHale's life in danger?

Presently she fancied she heard sounds afar off, confused shouts, dull and heavy thuds, the crash of glass. She strained her ears to listen, but the tantalizing wind swept past her with a swirl of dust, carrying away the sound.

But now down the road the dust was rising in a cloud—yes, and the cloud was coming towards her *against* the wind. It came on and on; then dark figures were visible behind it, a thick mass of advancing men, a mass that was wavering continually in form like a disorderly army.

'They are coming at last!'

Cecilia drew a deep breath, almost with

a sense of relief, after that long sickening suspense; very soon now she should know the worst. Her heart bounded with a wild thought—though she could not suffer for Maurice, yet now perhaps she was going to suffer with him. Then every nerve, every faculty was strung up to its highest pitch, to that calmness which is the very intensity and white heat of passion.

Now she could clearly discern the faces of the men who were coming towards her at a swinging pace. Their clothes were white with dust; dust circled round them like smoke. Most of them had stout sticks in their hands, and the coat pockets of some bulged out with stones; they came on with an irregular tramp of heavy footsteps, and hoarse, half-articulate shouts and murmurs; their faces were glaring

and distorted with that rage which, when it seizes on a crowd, is like madness or fire, or any other unreasoning and devastating force. With their keen, nervous features and dark eyes ablaze with passion, these miners looked not unlike French *ouvriers*, when barricades were raised in the streets of Paris.

'And these are Cornishmen!' thought Cecilia, with shame and anguish. 'Oh, for some quite other Cornishmen—oh, for a dozen of the sober, stalwart fishermen of St. Ives to stand by these helpless people, and to shame their countrymen!'

They were close upon Cecilia now, the leaders—if indeed there were any leaders of that disorderly throng—stopped short before Pat Daly's house, and all round the cottages swarmed the furious, clamorous

men, and as a sort of diversion from their more serious business, they flung handfuls of stones at the windows, and a crashing of glass and crockery went on in half-a-dozen houses along the row.

'Here, stand out of the way, missus,' said one of the miners, going up to Cecilia with a threatening face. 'We want Pat Daly, and we'll have him too!' and thereupon rose a chorus of threats and curses from the other men.

Cecilia stood firm in the doorway.

'Pat Daly is not here,' she answered, in a distinct, unfaltering tone. 'There is no one in this house but a woman and two children.'

'Get out of that! Don't tell us any of your damned lies! We'll soon see if he is here or not!' cried the rioters, as they

poured into the house, and Cecilia fell back before them, as before a rushing torrent. She retreated to the staircase, which led straight from the kitchen to Mrs. Daly's bed-room above—she mounted a few steps, and then, having thus gained a momentary advantage, she spoke in a clear, ringing voice, which rose above the tumult, whilst the miners pushed one another into the house, crowded round the doorway, and glared in at the windows.

'Cornishmen! I am a Cornish woman, listen to what I have to say! I declare to you upon my honour—I will take a solemn oath, if you wish it—there is no one upstairs but a sick woman with a baby two days old, and a little crippled girl. If you don't go away, you will kill them with fright. Think of your wives and children

at home! Cornishmen, listen to me; stand by me, One and All!'

For a moment her cause was gained, won by her courage, by their belief in her speaking the truth, by her calling upon them with their own historic, rallying cry. The wild, fierce faces upturned in amazement to the tall, fair young woman, who looked almost unearthly in that moment, her eyes flashing, her face deadly pale, but luminous with enthusiasm.

The men wavered; in another minute they would have left the house, but one burly, grimy man shouldered his way through the rest to the foot of the staircase.

'I ain't a Cornishman anyhow, and I ain't a-going to be 'umbugged like that. Hold your jaw, and get out of the way,

you—' and with foul and hideous words he dashed up the stairs. 'Here goes for Pat Daly!' and, ashamed of their momentary hesitation, the other men began to follow him.

Cecilia retreated before them to the head of the stairs; her one thought was:

'If I can but keep them from entering her room, Mrs. Daly may yet be saved.'

With a force that no one would have believed possible to her slight and still girlish figure, she for one moment tried, with outstretched hands, to push back the loathsome leader of the gang who had attacked the staircase. It was only for one moment—there was a sound of cracking, rending wood, the rickety hand-rail broke as she was thrust against it—then, with a faint cry and a dull crash, Cecilia

fell down upon the stone floor below, and lay motionless, with white, upturned face and closed eyes. As though the house had been struck by a thunderbolt—there was sudden silence, and every man stood still.

'You've done for the young woman, Jackson!' and one of the Cornish miners cursed the east-countryman who had been the first to mount the stairs.

'Here, let's get out of this, there'll be the devil to pay for this day's work; she ain't of them damned Irish——'

With one of those sudden and unreasoning panics to which a mob is always liable, the miners rushed out of Pat Daly's cottage again.

'Come along, men,' they shouted to those who were amusing themselves in

smashing the few remaining window-panes in the row of houses. 'Come along, men; we shall have the police after us, if we don't look sharp!'

In a few minutes the throng of miners had dispersed—melted away like a snow-ball. Some of them, the more cowardly, fled to their homes amongst the mines; others returned to the town, to crowd into the public-houses. The few old men, and women, and children, who had been praying wildly to the Virgin and all the saints, and crouching before the hail of stones which poured through their broken windows, could breathe freely again; not one of their assailants was left in sight. And so ended one of those obscure 'outrages,' which are barely mentioned in the newspapers—though they are ready to fill a

column with records of Irish crime—but which leave a legacy of bitter hatred between race and race, and will be remembered for generations to come in some humble cottage homes.

A quarter-of-an-hour afterwards, the Rev. Laurence McHale was coming up the road to the mine as swiftly as his powerful limbs would carry him. The mob had broken open the door of the Catholic church; had smashed the painted windows; had wrecked pictures and images, and battered the organ with stones. Then they had wreaked their vengeance on the priest's house close by. They had broken every pane of glass in his little conservatory; had torn up his rose-trees, and trampled down his flower-beds; and had disported themselves generally after the

fashion of an English mob, inflamed with Protestantism, patriotism, and beer. They were all gone now, and, in anxiety for the fate of the few defenceless people at the mine, and perhaps above all for Cecilia Tremayne, whom he had despatched on a dangerous mission, Father McHale—who had been cut and bruised, but not seriously hurt, by the stones flung at him—burst into Pat Daly's house.

With a cry of horror, he found Cecilia lying prostrate and insensible on the floor, the broken hand-rail of the stairs above her telling its own tale of a desperate struggle. He fell on his knees beside her; he seized her wrist; he could just feel a faint pulse fluttering there. Then, raising his head, he looked hurriedly and anxiously round the room. On a shelf

there stood a black bottle of Irish whisky. Pat Daly might have been better without it, but the priest hailed the sight of it now. Starting up, he searched, and found a spoon, and then, bending over Cecilia again, he tried to force a few drops of whisky between her clenched teeth.

'Sure, she is only fainting!' and, putting his arm beneath her shoulders, he raised her a little from the stone floor. But she moaned piteously, and, with the utmost gentleness, he laid her down again.

He went out, and rapped impatiently at one of the neighbouring doors.

'Is anyone here? It is I—Father McHale. Open the door!' he cried, in a commanding tone; for it was barricaded by a table, which one old woman, by some violent effort, had dragged against it within.

Presently the priest returned with a pillow, which he managed to place beneath Cecilia's head. The old woman followed him, trembling, wringing her hands, muttering words in the Irish language.

'I dare not attempt to move her,' thought the priest, looking down at Cecilia in anguish and perplexity. 'I must leave her with Biddy Nolan, and go to fetch a doctor.'

At that moment Father McHale heard a sound of wheels, and, rushing to the door, he saw a baker's cart, the man pursuing his useful daily round quite stolid and undisturbed. Riots and stone-throwing, a few broken heads and windows, were not at all uncommon at Cardinham. In a few hurried words the priest explained what urgent need there was for a doctor, and he succeeded in arousing

some pity and interest in the man's mind.

'I'll have Dr. Jennings here in a jiffey;' and the baker jumped up into his cart and drove off at a gallop.

Then Father McHale mounted the stairs to assure himself of the safety of Mrs. Daly and her children. Finding them not much the worse for their fright, he said a few kind and consoling words, and then, leaving them in the care of old Mrs. Nolan, he returned to Cecilia, and forced a little more spirit down her throat.

Presently he had the joy of seeing the large grey eyes unclose and look up into his face with dawning consciousness.

'Are they safe?' she asked, faintly.

'Yes, Mrs. Daly and the children are safe, and the riot is over. Tell me, my dear lady, how do you feel? Are you much hurt?'

But Cecilia's eyes had closed again, and she made no reply.

For nearly half-an-hour there was silence in the room, broken only by the low and fervent voice of the priest, as he murmured words of prayer. He knelt on, holding Cecilia's hand in one of his, in the other he clasped a crucifix. Did she hear and understand him? He never knew.

She was dying there, on the stone floor of a humble Irish cottage, far away from all her kindred, no one but a comparative stranger, a man of another race and creed, to receive her last breath. She was dying as she had lived—a silent, lonely, woman.

Again her white lips moved.

'My mother—you will tell her?'

'Shall I telegraph to her to come to

you?' he asked, eager for a chance of serving her.

'Too late!' she whispered; and then once more she seemed to lose consciousness.

'Oh! why is the doctor so long in coming?' he thought, in anguish, for it seemed to have been hours that he had been watching helplessly beside Cecilia. All that he could do was to give her a few drops of spirit from time to time, to pass his handkerchief gently over her forehead, on which a cold dew was gathering. And now it seemed to him that her features were changing, growing fearfully pale and sunken, and he prayed on and on, as if in an agony.

'Speak to me, dear Miss Tremayne. Say just one word. Tell me, do you know me?'

But she made no answer.

'Oh, God!' cried the priest, in a heart-rending tone, 'why did I let her come here? Not a soul is hurt but this poor Englishwoman.'

Perhaps through Cecilia's confused and failing mind there passed a vague remembrance of some of the last words spoken to her by the man she had loved so passionately, 'You are with us, but you are not of us, and you never can be.'

Suddenly a strange radiance gleamed over Cecilia's face. With that momentary flash of light and strength which sometimes comes at the last moment before death, she opened her eyes, and looked up with a glory of joy and triumph, and whispered,

'Tell Maurice O'Donovan—I died for Ireland—after all——'

Her eyes closed, there was a faint sigh,

a faint struggle, and then—Cecilia Tremayne was dead.

They laid her in the churchyard of St. Mary's, Penzance, the churchyard which overlooks the sea. The grey dawn spreading above the long, low coast of the eastern shores of Mount's Bay, glimmers on the simple headstone of slate which marks her grave, and on these words engraved below her name,

'Until the day breaks, and the shadows flee away.'

THE END.

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